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Frontier Times

November, 1976

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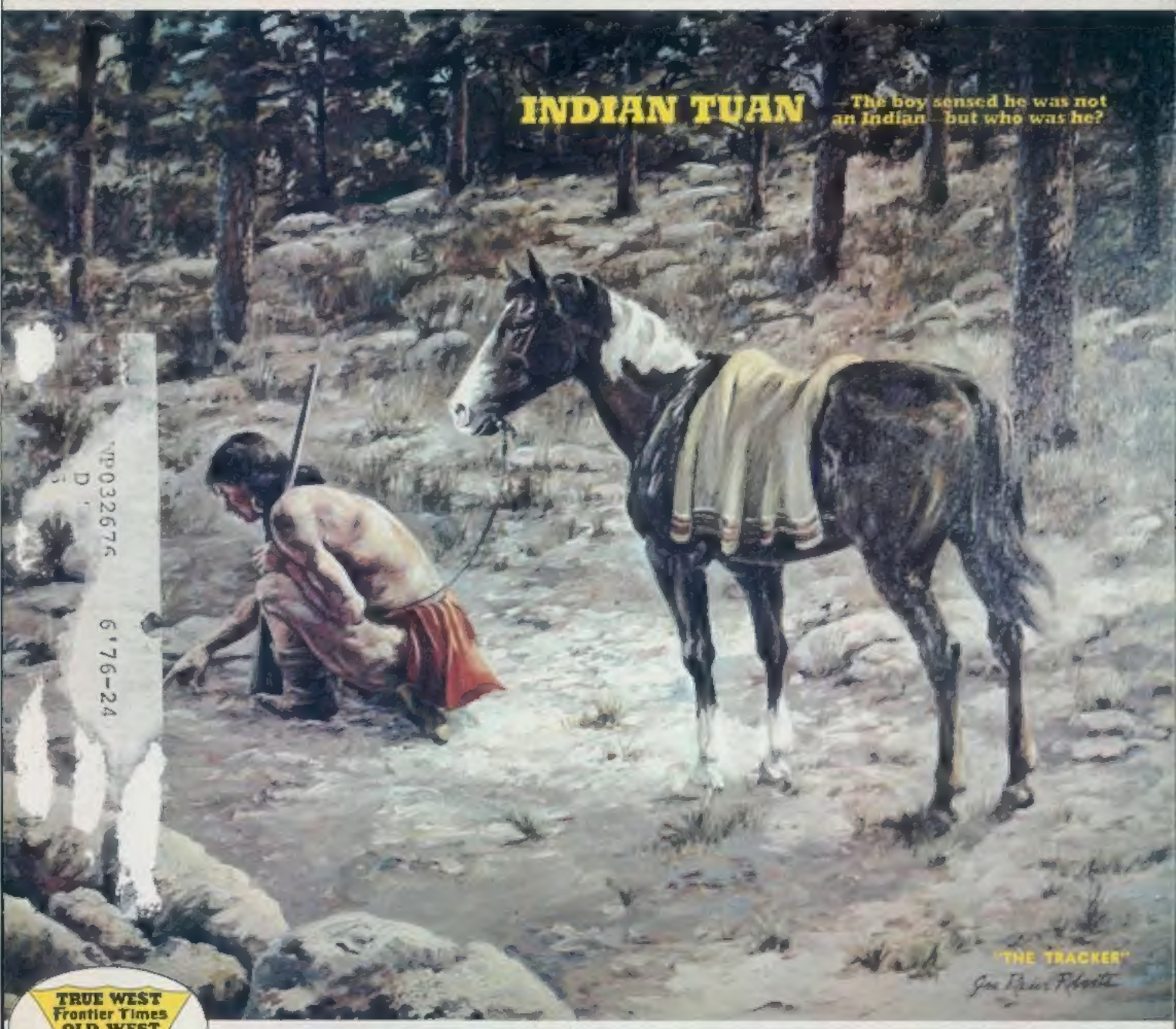

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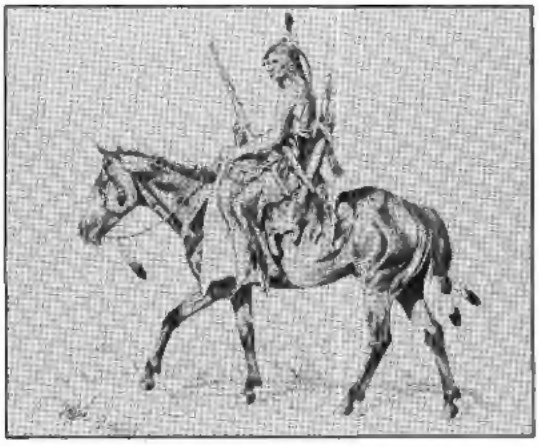
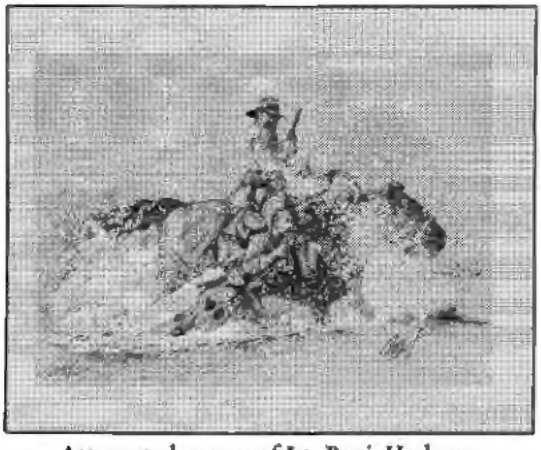
Custer's Death



Crazy Horse the Day of the Battle



Attempted rescue of Lt. Benj. Hodgson

The death of Lonesome Charley Reynolds

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

WESTWARD—WHITE AND RED

The heartland of America from the Alleghenies to the Pacific was settled in a great 114-year long westward sweep from 1776 to 1890. By their own feet, by pack and saddle horses, by stagecoaches and wagons, by canal barges and river boats and finally by railroads, pioneers poured west. This was a movement of epic proportions, such as humanity had never seen before—thousands of people moving into a new country with incredible opportunity for elevating themselves to new affluence and dignity in a new civilization of their own making. With enormous courage, self-reliance and hard labor they fought Indians, cleared forests, established farms, built homes and formed villages, towns and cities—and settled the West. In *The New Country* (Oxford University Press, $15.95), Richard A. Bartlett vividly portrays what the frontier experience was like for the millions of people who went through it. This is the kind of book that once opened is hard to lay aside.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Trail of Tears: The Story of the American Indian Removals 1813-1855 (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $12.95) by Gloria Jahoda is a moving history of the forced migration of the Eastern Indian tribes from their ancestral lands to Indian territory. President Andrew Jackson's Indian removal bill uprooted thousands of peaceful Indians, many of whom had successfully adapted to the white man's way many years before. Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminoles, Shawnees, Delawares, Senecas, and others stretched in pitiful caravans for miles as they followed the tortuous trails from their beloved homelands to the lands of hostile tribes in the Southern Plains. Poor planning, forced marches, bitter weather, sickness and starvation resulted in the deaths of thousands, and untold suffering to the survivors. Men like Sam Houston, Davey Crockett and others who had earlier fought against the Indians became their friends and took up their cause to no avail. The unbelievable injustices in Georgia and other states to uproot Indians from the presence of the whites were condoned and even encouraged by Jackson. Only a few Seminoles under Osceola and a few Cherokees escaped the removal. Gloria Jahoda uses previously unpublished material which contributed to the massacre at Wounded Knee. Of the book, Dee Brown who wrote *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, wrote: "Powerful—*The Trail of Tears* is an unrelenting narrative—sometimes poetic, sometimes heartbreaking—of Eastern America's prelude to Wounded Knee." An extensive bibliography and index add to the reference value of the book. Highly recommended.

ALIEN IN THE SOUTHWEST

The U. S. Camel Corps—An Army Experiment (Oxford University Press, $9.75) by Odie B. Faulk tells the story of the introduction, use, problems, controversies and sale of the camels brought to the Southwest in 1856 to speed transport and communications. Dr. Faulk used the files of the old Army and Navy Records Branch and the Arizona Historical Society in digging out the pertinent facts for a fascinating book. An alien animal, the camel was hated by the settlers and their animals and by many of the officers responsible for the experiment. The Civil War ended the test—the Texas herd of eighty fell into the hands of the Confederates who used and misused them during the conflict. At the end of the war the sixty-six animals recovered by the Army were sold at auction. The California herd was sold, too, and the uses of the camels after they passed into private ownership is another interesting chapter in Western history. A bibiliography, an index and a number of illustrations enhance the book. Strongly recommended.

RANGE LIFE—NEW AND OLD

Black Mountain Cowboys (Paul L. Huntley, Coaldale, Colorado 81222, $8.00) is a collection of stories by an 83-year-old Colorado cowboy, Paul L. Huntley. Black Mountain, an ancient volcano cone in Fremont County, was a country blessed with good grass and water. Huntley worked for most of the cowmen in the area and later was a partner of Dudley P. Van Buskirk in a ranch in Shaw Park. He tells stories about the cowboys, the ranches, the horses, the animals, the roundups and life in that country. The book of 200 pages is illustrated with some fine range photos. Recommended.

☆ ☆ ☆

After ninety years the reminiscences of Charlie Siringo are still being read by those who want to know the way it was on range and trail in the 1870s. The third Bison Book printing of *A Texas Cowboy or Fifteen Years on the Hurricane Deck of a Spanish Pony.* (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95 wraps and $9.95 cloth) keeps this classic in print. Siringo claimed that a million copies were sold during his lifetime but J. Frank Dobie thought that might have been a bit of bragging. The Dobie introduction and Tom Lea illustrations are present in this reprint. Worth the money either way.

LOCAL HISTORY

The End of the Trail (Exposition Press, $10.00) is by Leta Mae Smith who taught history at Central Washington College in Ellensburg, Washington. She died in 1974 and her sister saw fit to publish this book as a tribute to her. It is about the pioneer families of the Kittitas Valley and the author was the granddaughter of one of the earliest settlers. She had at her disposal letters, papers, documents, pictures and maps of these first families and used them well. It also is virtually a history of the city of Ellensburg, established near the family homestead and later the family home. The book is illustrated with a number of photos of pioneer life in the Valley and with reproductions of hand-drawn maps. Despite the absence of an index, this is good local history.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mollie—The Journal of Mollie Dorsey Sanford in Nebraska and Colorado Territories, 1857-1866 (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95) is the first Bison Book printing of a modern classic first issued in 1959. The introduction and notes are by Donald F. Danker. Mollie's family homesteaded in Nebraska in 1857 and with her blacksmith husband she moved to Colorado in 1860. Her diary covers the period 1857-1866 and is a candid and readable social history. Recommended.

HISTORIAN

The Walter Prescott Webb Memorial Lectures, tenth series, focuses on Webb himself and are presented in *Essays on Walter Prescott Webb* (University of Texas Press, $7.95) with a foreword by Jubal R. Parten, an introduction by Ray Allen Billington, and edited by Kenneth R. Philip and Elliott West. The individual essays are entitled: "Walter Prescott Webb and The South" by Joe B. Frantz; "Australians and the Comparative Frontier" by W. Turrentine Jackson; "Walter Prescott Webb's Arid West: Four Decades Later" by W. Eugene Hollon; "The Webb 'Great Frontier' Hypothesis and International Law" by George Wolfskill; and "Webb the Schoolteacher" by Walter Rundell, Jr. Thought by many to be the greatest historian to come out of Texas, Webb was also known for his interpretations of the ecology and environment of the Great Plains, and for his humor. As Webb said—"Praying, firing off cannon or hanging snakes belly-up on fences brought rain sooner or later, but only during very wet seasons." Anyone interested in Western History or natural resources will want a copy of *Essays.*

RANGE LIFE

Rocky Reagan, well known rancher and story teller of the Texas brush country, was nudged a mite by the wish expressed in a letter from J. Frank Dobie, "I'd

(Continued on page 29)

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FRONTIER TIMES

October-November, 1976
Volume 50, No. 6
New Series No. 104

True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." — The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts
"The Tracker"

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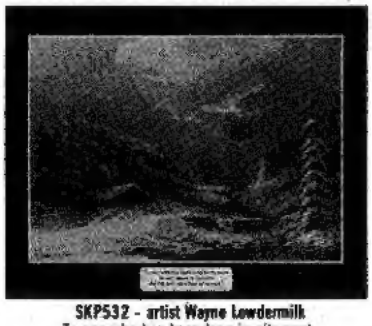


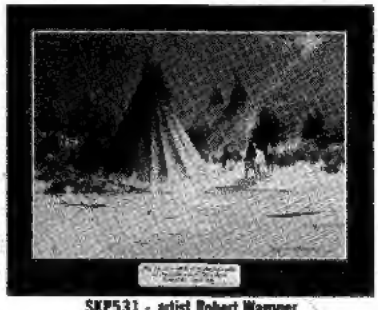
SKP532 - artist Wayne Lowdermilk
To one who has been long in city pent,
'tis very sweet to look into
the fair and open face of heaven...

SKP504 - artist Bill Hampton
"There were a helluva lot
of things they didn't tell me
when I hired on with this outfit."

SKP519 - artist Bill Hampton
"Oh, Great Spirit,
Grant that I may not criticize my neighbor
until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

SKP529 - artist Melvin C. Warren
May you always camp where water runs sweet, with
plenty of shade and grass, where well trod trails
of friendship meet, as the seasons gently pass.

SKP515 - artist Lloyd Mitchell
HANG IN THERE, OL' BUDDY!



SKP531 - artist Robert Wagner
May the warm winds of heaven blow softly
on this house and the Great Spirit
bless all who enter here.

SKP502 - artist Bill Hampton
May your horse never stumble, your spurs never rust,
Your guts never grumble and your cinch never bust!
May your boots never pinch, your crops never fail,
While you eat lots of beans and stay out of jail!

SKP521 - artist Bill Hampton
"I've only been here
one week and the boss says
I'm already two weeks behind."

CUT HERE

SKP526 - artist Gene Zesch
"I put all my profits
back into ranch improvements!"

SKP525 - artist Gene Zesch
"If this business is so damned good,
how come there ain't more people in it?"

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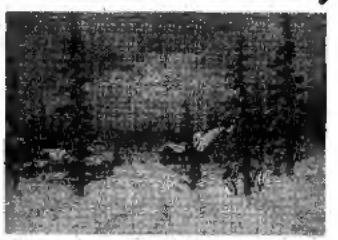
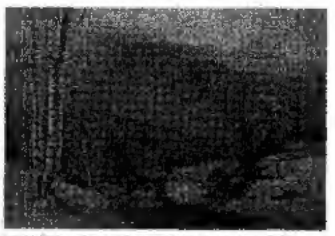
1316 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer-May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you

1360 "May the...sun shine warmly upon you, etc." - May the Great Spirit bring you Peace...at Christmas



1367 ...May your blessings be more, Than you've ever hoped for, And your Christmas a warmth, etc.

1215 A Sack of Joy "...The joy that you give to others, etc."- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

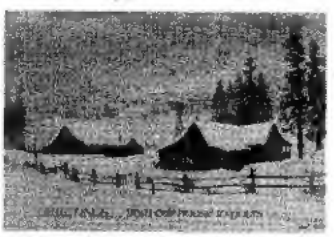


1377 "The air up there...is very pure and fine...It is the same the angels breathe."- Merry Christmas

3051 "...silver day is drifting into magic--Christmas night,"- May the magic of Christmas be yours

1384 "May the trail rise up to meet you, etc." - Merry Christmas and...a Happy New Year

3064 "...the small wonders of the season, etc." - Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



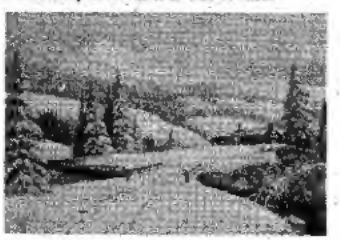
1139 "...We send this card instead of a letter and hope you're doin' as good, etc."- Merry Christmas

1328 Christmas Trail-...What could be better...Than to wish Merry Christmas to all that we know!

1373 "This is the day the Lord hath made, etc." - May the Christmas Spirit remain...through the Year

1329 "To have joy one must share it, etc."- Wishing you a Christmas Season filled with...Happiness

1230 Surprise on the Trail-To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chock full of Happiness



1315 A Good Day for Visiting-May the Spirit of Christmas Abide with you through the Coming Year

1158 "May the Great Spirit watch over you, etc." - Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

1151 "...the fair, And open face of heaven,..." - May every happiness be yours at Christmas, etc.

1345 "Greetings..."- With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

1342 After the Storm-May the meaning of the Season be deeper...As Christmas comes...this year

3035 "To have joy one must share it, etc."- Wishing you a Christmas Season filled with Love and Happiness

1337 "There is a destiny that makes us brothers, etc."- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1205 A Memory of Christmas-...May you have a Merry Christmas in the good old-fashioned way!

1216 "...may the Great Spirit bless all, etc."- With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year

1320 Appaloosa Mother-May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace...the Heart...which is Love

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3048 "...face to face with creatures sublime, etc." -Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

1370 The folks at our place all join in to say "May all the folks at your place have a Happy Holiday"

1319 "...I'll wish for the snowman's nose."-A Season of Joy to you, dear friends, etc.

1364 "We are thinking of you..."-...good will to you is what we mean in...The Spirit of Christmas

1332 ...here's the proof our hearts can holler 'Merry Christmas'--for less than a dollar!

1749 "God, the Artist" Famous poem inside-Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness, etc.

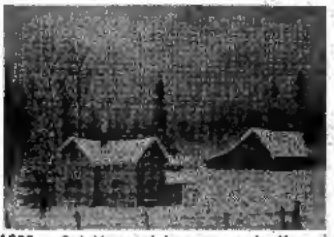
1334 "To those we love and...all good friends, etc."-Merry Christmas from the two of us!

3072 "Take Time to See" Famous nature poem inside-Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1323 "May you always camp Where the water runs sweet, etc."-Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

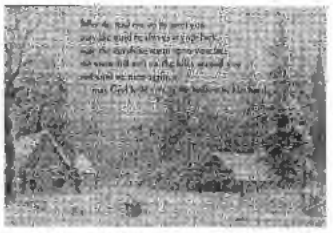
1374 May there come to you at this holiday time ...Health, Happiness and Enduring Friendships

1375 "I come to my solitary woodland walk, etc." -With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year



1335 ...God bless and keep you, and...May you have a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way!

1331 "In every home, in every heart the lights of friendship glow, etc."-MERRY CHRISTMAS



1234 "May the trail rise up to meet you, etc.-Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year

1137 Britches patched...Ol' cow gone dry. Both horses lame, But Merry Christmas just the same!

1146 ...wishing you a rootin' tootin' Christmas and lots of happy times in the New Year to come.

Christmas is the time to touch across the miles

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INDIAN TUAN

BY
BLANCHE WORRALL SALTER
Submitted by
NETTIE M. NICHOLSON

Photos of Campbell, Courtesy Author

Juan "Tuan" Campbell on the white stallion he captured and trained.

The boy sensed he was not an Indian—but who was he? His heart was with the Piutes, so why did he feel so restive when he thought of the whites? What drew him to every immigrant camp?

Explanatory note from Nettie M. Nicholson: When my Aunt Blanche Worrall Salter passed away, a box of manuscripts, among other things, was left to me. In going through this box marked "Dad's Manuscripts" I found notes and papers written by herself and even some old handwritten papers by her father. The manuscript "Tuan" had on it "Written by Dr. John B. Campbell and compiled and typed by Blanche Worrall Salter."

It was one of the last wishes of my aunt to get some of these papers published because she was getting too old to work with them anymore and she believed with all her heart they had merit. They were the true writings of her father who was a prominent man in California. These clippings were in the box also:

From the *San Diego Union*, September 29, 1923: "Juan Beautiste Campbell, 76-year-old pioneer of California, is to become a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West at a meeting to be held by that order in Moose hall, Tuesday night. 'Spanish John,' as his friends call him, is thoroughly familiar with the history and traditions of the old West and his initiation into the Native Sons is expected to be an inspiration to other members of the order in their efforts to perpetuate the romance and history of the state.

"He speaks and writes five languages, has traveled widely on three continents, and has achieved considerable fame as a public speaker. His boyhood years were spent as a member, by adoption, of a roving band of Piute Indians."

From the *San Diego Union*, June 15, 1930: "Old Town was alive with memories yesterday, when national Flag Day was celebrated in one of the most pretentious demonstrations ever witnessed in California. Under the auspices of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, a four-flag program was carried out. Albert Mayrhofer, deputy grand president of the Native Sons, directed the anniversary celebration. Hundreds gathered in the beautiful plaza and surged through the streets and historic buildings of Old Town, the birthplace of California.

"They paid tribute to the old and honored flag of Spain; the colorful standard of Mexico; the Bear flag of the Republic of California, which was born with a spirit of independence matched only by the remarkable declaration made in Philadelphia in 1776; and then the Stars and Stripes.

"As Old Glory was hoisted to the top of the flagpole, the marine band played the national anthem, and the large crowd cheered.

"Louis Serrano, the oldest native San Diegan, was on hand, and it was he who ran up the Spanish flag. Serrano told of seeing the Stars and Stripes raised in 1846, and a wave of laughter was occasioned when he added, "I saw it from my mother's arms." As a barefoot boy he saw the early struggles of the little ham-

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Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Fort McDermitt, 1887.

let and told of many incidents that are in the pages of early history.

"As the Spanish colors were raised the Marine band played the Spanish anthem. After this banner was lowered, Juan Bautiste Campbell raised the Mexican flag, with the band playing the Mexican anthem. Albert Mayrhofer had the honor of raising the Bear flag of California. These flags were lowered by Cave J. Couts (of Guajome ranch, Vista) whose mother made the first American flag ever flown in Old Town."

OVER in Oakland there is a court interpreter with a personality and a history. He is nearing fourscore years and the story of his life is an "edition de luxe" as far as exemplifying the adventure and romance of the old West.

He acts as court interpreter not from financial necessity but, I suppose, more than anything else because of a life-long habit of mingling with men and keeping in the thick of things. He is a man of wealth. For more than forty years he has been one of the solid men of California. His herds of beef cattle, numbering many thousands, long roamed the hills and valleys of Monterey County. He was one of the first men in the state to make big money in the cattle business. Today

Photos bottom of page, Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

Piute acorn cache (right) in Yosemite Valley and the Piute woman (below) suggest the type of life familiar to Campbell as a boy.

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Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Left to right: Sarah Winnemucca, Chief Winnemucca, Natchez, Captain Jim, and an unidentified boy.

he owns six thousand acres of the historic San Lorenzo rancho, besides valuable property in Oakland and elsewhere. He speaks and writes five languages; he has traveled widely on three continents; he is a student of varied reading; he devotes his leisure time to writing for magazines and he is in demand as a public speaker. His name is John B. Campbell, or "Spanish John" as his friends call him, and he spent the early years of his boyhood as a member by adoption of a roving band of Piute Indians.

Spanish John Campbell came honestly by both the "Spanish" and the Scotch which the "Campbell" betrays. The Spanish was supplied by his mother. She was a daughter of Don Manuel Castro, who was a high government official before the American take-over of California. The Scotch was given him by another John Campbell who reached California from Scotland by way of Canada. This Scotch adventurer was one of the heads of the Hudson's Bay Company and married Don Manuel's daughter at Santa Barbara in 1842, and the present John Campbell was born a year later.

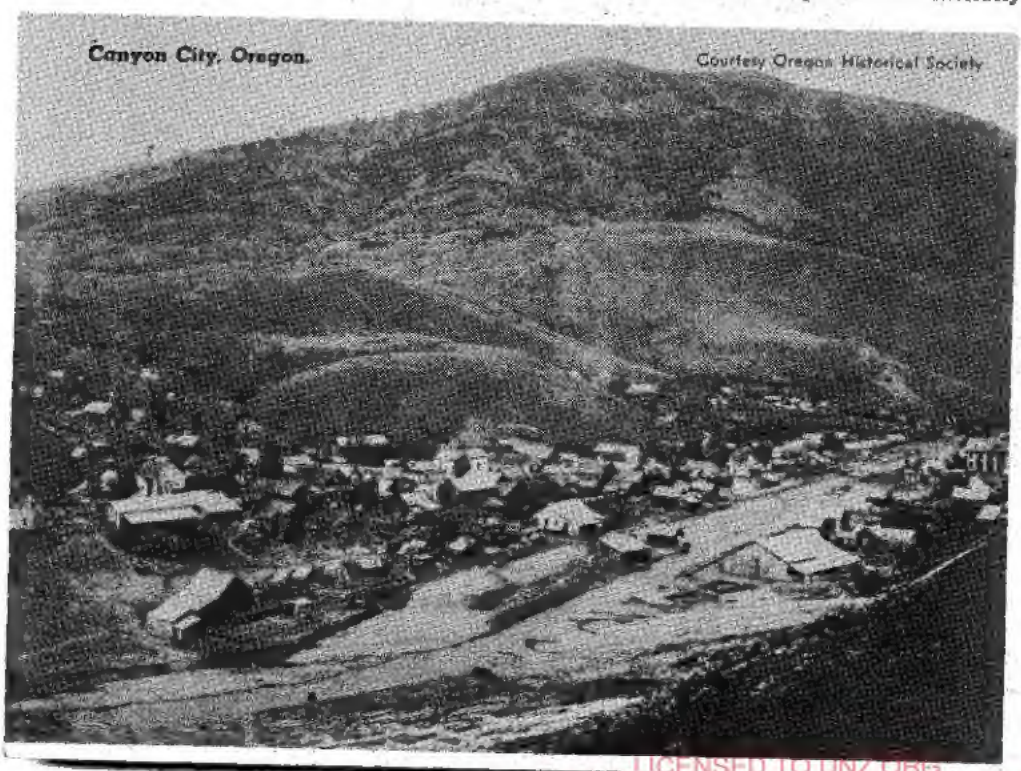
While still too young to remember, the boy suffered well nigh the greatest misfortune that can befall a child, the loss of his mother by death; the loss in this case being particularly grievous because of the father's wandering inclinations and because there are no better mothers in the world than the mothers of the Spanish Californians. So, with no home ties to hold him, or rooftree to linger under, the father started back to the North with his little son, fell in with Winnemucka's [Winnemucca] Piutes in Northern Nevada, and among the boy's earliest recollections is the sudden missing of his father's face and of seeing only the copper-colored faces of Indians about him.

Of the reasons for this abandonment on the part of his father, Dr. Campbell will say nothing. Where he cannot condone, or perhaps explain, he will not condemn. Suffice to say that he, a boy of five, a Caucasian lad with some of the proudest blood of old Spain and of the clans of Scotland mingling in his veins, found himself orphaned, exiled and alone with an alien and supposedly savage people, and even his name changed to Indian Tuan, to face his future and work out his destiny as best he could.

BUT cold as was the deal that Fate seemed to have handed out to him, the boy might have fared worse. The Indians kept him, treated him kindly and raised him as one of their own. He was with them continuously from his fifth to his eleventh year and thereafter part of the time until his nineteenth year. I have asked Dr. Campbell what was the earliest impression of his life among the Indians.

As vividly engraved upon his heart now as it was at the time, was that of a big Indian grabbing him and holding him high above his head in the act of dashing him to the ground to kill him, and finding himself in the lap of one of the Indian women, feeling her protective arms about him and his head held close against her breast.

The period of Dr. Campbell's recollection was that of the late forties and early fifties, which was before the vices and cruelties of the white race had worked degeneracy in the Indian character. They bore indignities and wrongs at the hands of the renegade whites that no other people would have borne in peace. Chief Winnemucka was a loyal friend of the whites, and one of Dr. Campbell's fondest recollections is of the old Chief, tall and solemn and digni-



Canyon City, Oregon. Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

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This scene between Pacific Grove and Point Lobos, California is typical of the Campbell ranch area.

fied in spite of the stovepipe hat and military coat he always insisted on wearing above his bare legs and breechcloth, gravely but earnestly restraining his impetuous young men who wished to attack some westward-bound emigrant train.

The boy became adept in all the Indian arts. He learned to ride and to use the bow and arrow and rifle. He learned to shoot antelope on the hills and to spear fish in the mountain lakes and streams. He learned to cure skins and to make them into garments. He learned to tap the mountain sugar pines for the sap that, when hardened by exposure to the air, became food. He "stood his shift" in all tribal duties and became a brave of the bravest. He was called Strong Bow.

BUT blood will tell and the time came when the spirit that conquered Mexico and that went to the relief of Lucknow began to whisper in the boy's ear. From itinerant white hunters, discharged soldiers and other desert and mountain wanderers he began to gather ideas beyond the horizon that rimmed his view. He developed the wish to learn to read and write. Both the Scotch and Spanish in him pled for mental growth. His chance came about in this way.

Bill Christie, famous scout and guide, reined in his horse in front of the covered emigrant wagon, where he saw two Indians, their game—an antelope and a deer at their feet—in a trade.

He raised his hand in warning, saying, "Keep your rifle, Higgins. These Indians have too many guns already. Trade the buck something else for his deer meat."

But Chapo, the Indian, was no fool. He refused to trade his deer meat for anything else. Higgins brought a string of large red beads from the tool box on the front of his wagon and offered it to Chapo. Chapo gave a grunt and shook his head, making a mocking face at the beads. It was the rifle or nothing.

Bill Christie was a man of very striking appearance. He was tall, finely framed, with light brown hair that hung nearly to his shoulders, a scattered beard covering his cheek, and a long moustache that nearly hid his close-lipped mouth. He possessed a personality that could warm a smile from you, or could turn a man into a pile of granite. He was widely known among the old trappers and frontiersmen who had nicknamed him "Black Horse Bill."

Black Horse Bill had noticed Chapo's look of contempt when Higgins offered him the beads for the deer lying on the ground at his feet. So he addressed himself to Chapo's companion, who had already traded a deer for a pearl-handled pistol before he rode up.

"Where did you get that gun, young buck?" he said.

The other Indian's eyes sparkled and he smiled most winningly. Black Horse Bill noticed his eyes were blue and while his black hair and dark skin looked Indian he recognized at once he was not of Chapo's breed.

"I see you traded with Higgins," he continued, and was about to force the trade back, but he didn't when he looked into the smiling face, and asked instead, "What is your name? Who is your Chief? Where is your 'temescal'?" ignoring the pearl-handled gun.

"Tuan. Winnemucka," Tuan replied smiling, and pointed north.

Bill Christie's admiration for this young Piute made him change his mind. He placed his hand upon Tuan's shoulder and began talking to him.

"Winnemucka is a fine old Chief," he said. "I wish there were more like him." Then, looking Tuan straight in the eyes, "Say, Strong Bow, what's the matter with you quitting Winnemucka? You are not pure Indian, you are half white. It is best for you to be with us anyway. I'll make a scout of you. What do you say, Strong Bow?"

Tuan's answer was a positive refusal. He bounded away to join his companion, Chapo, who, disgusted at his failure in securing the rifle, was striding away. But some hours later, about the time the sun was painting the skies above the mountains to the west, after the two hunters reached the temescal and Tuan had satisfied his hunger with fish and deer meat, he went alone and lay on the sandy shore of the river, wrapped in his blankets of skins.

As he lay on his back he tried to count the stars. Tuan was not satisfied with himself. His meeting with the white man made him hate his surroundings. His

(Continued on page 44)

THE LOST SOAPMAKER MINE

BY LEIGHTON T. BURSE

Photos and Map Courtesy Author

The best clue of all may have surfaced at Yuma's City Hall— only to be lost forever at the same place just a short week later!

The forbidding terrain is evident in these photos of the author in 1939 (above) in the Tinajas Altas area, and on El Camino del Diablo near Engineers Pass (below) taken in 1940.

OUR CAMPFIRE was burning down, giving way to the desert chill. My partner and I were on a reconnaissance tour, necessary occasionally in uninhabited areas next to the border to learn what we could of any illegal trafficking of aliens. We were Border Patrolmen attached to the Yuma Sector of the U. S. Immigration Border Patrol.

We had just yawned at each other and decided it was about time to hit the sack when we heard the laboring of a vehicle as it dipped into and climbed out of one after another of the many arroyos that criss-crossed the desert floor. Dim headlights glowed intermittently in the distance.

Since it was approaching from the northeast we were reasonably sure we were about to welcome a prospector rather than a smuggler, for the border was a little south of our camp. We quickly piled dry mesquite on the fire until it blazed brightly again. The wheezy sound of a horn told us the visitor had seen our camp, even before the dilapidated Model A pickup hove into sight.

In a few minutes we were greeting an old friend, the Fire Chief of Yuma who, when he could get away from his duties for a few days, found desert prospecting very relaxing.

We were camped close to Tinajas Altas (High Tanks) at the southern end of the Gila Mountains in southwestern Arizona not far from Yuma. It was a rough and rugged terrain, uninhabited and inhospitable. Tinajas Altas was named for the several natural tanks which nature had carved out of the rock of the Gilas and which usually had life-sustaining water for the traveler. These tanks caught and stored rainwater from the area's infrequent but violent storms. Our camp was in Engineers Pass and from it during the day could be seen one of the boundary monuments on a low ridge to the southeast; we were very close to the Mexican line.

We made our friend welcome and, after unloading what gear he would need, we settled down to the trading of information and desert gossip over a pot of coffee. There wasn't much of either infor-

The author believes the circle indicates the area in which the lost Soapmaker Mine will be rediscovered in this southern portion of a rare out of print 1923 official map of Yuma County.

mation or gossip but presently George told us of his reason for being there. It wasn't just one of his regular prospecting jaunts—he had been on one of his perennial searches for the Lost Soapmaker Mine.

At that time all of us in that part of the country were familiar to some extent with the legend of the Lost Soapmaker. It had all started, so the story went, with a group traveling from Mexico City to the gold discoveries in California in the early 1850s. The party, guided by two Mexicans, had camped at Tinajas Altas for several days recuperating from their strenuous trip along the dreaded El Camino del Diablo from Caborca, Sonora. This would be the last water until they reached Yuma, a two-day trek through a wasteland.

They were to leave the following day, so early on that morning the two guides, who were also the horse wranglers, started out at dawn to round up the saddle and pack animals they had turned loose, lightly hobbled, to forage a few days before. Some distance from their camp was a rocky hill (one of many in the area) almost conical in shape, which rose high enough that from the top they could scan the immediate area for their stock.

It was a steep climb with much slipping and sliding for the hill was covered with the typical blackened cobblestone rock which, when turned over, proved to be ordinary gray desert rock, blackened, all desert rats believed, by the intense heat of the sun over the centuries. They spied their horses not far away and in slipping and sliding back down the butte considerable overburden was dislodged and in one place a vein of quartz was exposed. Both men recognized the threads of free gold in the rotten sugar quartz and with their sheath knives and a hard rock were able to break off several egg-sized samples. They gathered the horses, got the party started towards Yuma, a mere forty or so miles west, and with profuse apologies turned back to Caborca.

CABORCA was the jumping-off place for such parties. Their guides were hired, usually, through a particular provisioner who was also the only supplier of soap in the entire region. Soap was in great demand by travelers, many of whom were women and children. This soapmaker and provisioner was a German immigrant who had realized there was more money to be made by such a business than by traipsing off to distant lands in search of the illusive gold. This knowledge had made him the richest man in Caborca, possibly in all Sonora. He was known far and wide as the "German Soapmaker."

It was to him, their employer, that the two guides made a bee line on their return to Caborca. They had no money and they would need a grubstake to return to their find and cash in on it. The soapmaker was greatly impressed by the ore samples they had brought to him and agreed to finance them. According to legend they drew for him a crude map of their route, and the place of their discovery was close to the last watering place before Yuma. That had to be Tinajas Altas!

Then they assembled a pack train of mules, pack saddles, leather ore sacks for the high grade they expected to transport, food, and other items they would need; then they left for Tinajas Altas. They were never heard from again.

The legend was to languish in obscurity for some seventy years. The soapmaker had, of course, tried to find his friends—had sent several search parties to Tinajas Altas—but there were so many buttes, all alike, that the searches ended in failure. Many a time this tale was told around a campfire. Many prospectors tried their luck to no avail. Gradually the incident took its place in the lore of lost desert gold, along with many others.

THAT NIGHT in camp we listened while George told us of his long-time search for this legendary vein of gold which he, too, was convinced was near Tinajas Altas.

His interest had started some seventeen years before, in 1922. While returning to Yuma from Wellton one very hot summer day he noticed a turbaned Papago Indian and his wife sitting in an old Model T Ford alongside the road. He stopped to help, if he could.

George recognized the Indian as one of

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THE
GRUB SPOILER
BY WALT COBURN
average cowboy would put up with nearly anything from a roundup cook—
there weren't many "average" cowboys in the Wild Bunch and
's who A. L. Jones was pushing too close to the fire!

BEFORE the coming of barbwire when Montana was really a cow country with its free grass open range, good ranch and roundup cooks were hard to come by. That posed a problem in the fall of 1900 at the Circle C Ranch.

The regular cowhands were drifting back after riding the grubline or roundsiding in town, to go on the fall beef roundup that was about ready to start. Branding irons were being gathered and the wheels of the bed and mess wagons greased, and top horses were being shod at the blacksmith shop. The large remuda was in from summer range and strings of ten horses were being allotted to each cowpuncher.

Horace Brewster, the wagon boss, and Will Coburn were in the middle of the round pole corral with loops cocked as the remuda slowly milled around. When Brewster called out a cowpuncher's name he would come into the corral, ketch rope coiled in his hand. Brewster had a list of each horse's name on a typewritten sheet. When Brewster called out a horse's name, Will Coburn would rope the horse and the cowpuncher would write the name down in a vest pocket tally book, then lead the horse to an adjoining corral. This procedure would go on until the cowpuncher had his ten horses, then the name of the next cowpuncher would be called.

In this way each man was given the chance to know every horse in his string, so as to identify them later during the roundup. They had to be able to identify their particular horses even before daylight or by moonlight, or when the night sky was overcast in a drizzling rain at four in the morning. The same held true for a good nighthawk who had charge of the remuda at night, and for the horse wrangler in charge of the remuda during the day, and for each rep working with the Circle C wagon for other big outfits.

For a seasoned all-around cowhand it was all in a day's work. But to a city dude that job of identifying a single horse out of a remuda of about 250 head on a dark rainy morning, it was more like a miracle.

As a rule there were about twenty-five Circle C cowhands, with ten or a dozen reps, all gathered at the home ranch ready to start on the roundup September 1st, a date arranged beforehand by the Northern Montana Roundup Association.

"Mitch" Mitchell, the roundup cook, who also cooked at the ranch, had gone to Malta a week before with a broken leg and was hobbling around town on crutches, so the Circle C was left high and dry. Phil Castleberg, owner of the Castleberg Hotel at Malta, had promised to dig up a cook and send him out to the ranch by stagecoach, and Phil proved to be a man of his word.

Three days before the roundup was due to start, when the Malta-Zortman stage pulled in at the log office about four in the afternoon, a short, blocky man stepped down from the high seat where he'd been sitting with the stage driver. He was dressed to the nines in a tailored, small-check business suit, complete with a loud plaid vest and a white shirt with a four-in-hand red silk necktie in which was stuck a big diamond stickpin. A gold ring with another large diamond adorned the middle finger of his right hand, and a gold nugget watch chain spanned his vest. He wore patent leather buttoned shoes and a brown derby hat, looking for all the world like a tinhorn gambler.

He was a light-skinned Negro, with dark freckles. His nose had been broken and badly set, and when his lips spread in a grin he displayed a double row of gold teeth. A pearl handled, silver-mounted Colt .45 was tucked into a holster inside his waistband.

HORACE BREWSTER and my brother Will had appeared in the office doorway and were both eyeing this sporting-life looking character with his new black leather valise.

"Who's the bossman around here?" the Negro asked, baring his gold teeth in a grin that left his eyes cold and suspicious.

"Who wants to know?" Will asked.

"A. L. Jones, that's who. The A. L. stands for Abraham Lincoln, the man who freed Uncle Tom from slavery according to the history books." There was a deep chuckle in his voice when he added, "I'm known as the Speckled Nigger from the Klondike, but you better call me Speck. I done hired out to Mister Castleberg as roundup cook for the Circle C."

"You don't look much like a roundup cook to me," Will said as he sized him up with a calculating eye, a faint grin on his lips.

The mulatto chuckled. "I got my workin' duds in my bedroll. I've been tendin' bar at Shorty Young's honkytonk at Havre, doin' a little gamblin' on the side and actin' as bouncer whenever a ruckus started. Run my own restaurant in the Klondike. Got my start cookin' at lumberjack camps in Oregon and Washington. So don't let these fancy duds fool you, mister. I done got a bellyful of boozin' and women. A man like me needs a lot of fresh air."

"Can you drive a four-horse team?" Will asked.

"I skinned a four-mule team hauling logs to the skidway on the Columbia River for a spell."

"Right now," Will told him, "we're short-handed for a ranch cook and we'll need a roundup cook when we go on roundup in a few days."

"Show me where to dump my bedroll. Directly I shuck these town duds I'll have at 'er. How many I got to cook for, bossman?"

"Thirty-five or forty." Will turned to me where I was standing, a ten-year-old kid gawking at the fancy dressed man from the Klondike. "Show Abraham Lincoln Jones to the White House," Will told me.

The White House was a whitewashed log cabin between the mess cabin and the bunkhouse that was rightfully mine, but Mitch Mitchell had been using it and so I was sleeping in the bunkhouse.

Jones picked up his big fat bedroll the stage driver had thrown off, and slung it over his shoulder as if it were as light as a featherbed, then picked up his valise. Despite his paunch he walked with the hint of a swagger, the brown derby cocked on one side of his head, as I led the way.

I opened the door of the log cabin and let the new cook go in ahead of me. He tossed his bedroll on the empty bunk and gave me the gold-toothed grin. When he took off his hat I could see that his bald head was covered with dark brown freckles the size of a dime. He must have noticed me staring, for he said with a glint of humor, "I'm speckled thataway on my entire hide, Tadpole. I was born thataway, a freak of nature. One summer I worked in a carnival sideshow billed as the Leopard Man from Borneo. I was fed raw hamburger during my act and I growled when I ate the cannibal meat. When I unpack my valise remind me to give you one of my pictures I sold for two-bits apiece."

I backed out and shut the cabin door and headed for the mess cabin where Wash Lampkin was doing the cooking temporarily. I was still telling it scary to Wash when Speck came in, dressed in a clean white shirt and a new pair of white duck pants and soft leather shoes with laces. A white apron was tied around his belly and a snowwhite chef's cap sat at a rakish angle on his head.

"Call me Speck," he introduced himself to Wash Lampkin. "How you fixed for fresh meat?"

"Butchered yesterday," Wash said. "The meat's hung in the cold storage house."

Speck grinned and did a soft-soled jig step as he proceeded to take over as ranch cook.

I WAS in the office that evening with Will, Horace Brewster and Mac, the bookkeeper, when Speck came in carrying a small steel strongbox. "I want you to lock this up in your safe, if you will," he announced. He produced a small key attached to a buckskin string, unlocked the box and said, "I'd like to identify the contents of this box in the presence of you three adults and the Tadpole, and have you make an itemized list so that the gentlemen present can sign it as witnesses." And one by one he removed his valuables and laid them on the rolltop desk: the gold watch and gold nugget watch chain, the large diamond ring and the flashy diamond stickpin, and two leather covered bankbooks with the embossed lettering of a Seattle bank and the name "Abraham Lincoln Jones" in gilt letters. Speck proudly leafed through the bank books, then passed them around to verify that he had $25,000 in a savings account and $10,000 in a checking account.

The bookkeeper typed the list as Speck put each item back in the strongbox. Will, Brewster, Mac and I signed our names to both the original and carbon copies. Speck folded the original and put it in his pocket, then locked the box and watched it being placed in the office safe.

Speck then consulted a silver open-faced watch he took from his pants pocket where it hung on a whang leather string, and said, "With your kind permission, gentlemen, I will retire for the night. What time do you want breakfast on the table?"

"Four a.m.," Will answered and Speck took his departure. As he passed me he handed me a glossy, postcard-sized photograph of himself in a leopard skin, lifting a bull bar over his head.

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"All the Circle C outfit needs right now," Will growled when I showed him the picture postcard, "is a circus freak for a roundup cook!"

I was due back in school at Great Falls and so I caught the morning stage to Malta where I could take the evening train, and that was the last I ever saw of Speck. But from time to time when Horace Brewster or some Circle C cowhand came to Great Falls that winter, and while I was at the ranch the next summer, I heard plenty of strange rumors concerning him, and most of them were ugly.

It seems that Speck got off to a bad start when Horace Brewster moved the roundup outfit to the Parrot place a few miles away as a sort of shakedown to make sure that nothing had been left behind or forgotten. The rope corral was set up, as well as the mess tent and the bed tent. The Sibley heating stove, a one-piece metal cone with one door, and the sheet iron cook stove were set up to see if the new jointed stovepipes were all there and fit. The stakes to peg down the tents were counted in the gunnysack, as well as the stobs made from seasoned forked willow sticks and the long metal pegs that fastened the guy ropes of the corral. Both wagons were carefully gone over to see that the wagon sheets and wooden bows were ship-shape, and that sufficient grub was in the mess wagon; and that all branding irons were in the rear rack of the bed wagon and the kegs of horseshoes and nails, farrier's rasp, pinchers and shoeing hammer were in the jockey box.

It was at the Parrot place that Speck voiced his first complaint about there being no vanilla or lemon extract flavoring, and Horace Brewster had to explain that he had a quart bottle of each hidden out in his bedroll on account of there were a few cowhands in the outfit who were hard drinkers and not above swiping and drinking the flavorings.

Speck insisted profanely that he was no damned drunk and never had been, never would be, and demanded the extracts, which the wagon boss handed over to avoid further argument.

Then later when the cowpunchers were gathered for noon dinner Speck proceeded to lay down a few rules of his own. Speaking in an arrogant manner and giving the boys the benefit of his gold-toothed grin, he announced that he was king and master of his castle, the mess tent. He said he would lay the grub out on the folding rawhide-covered mess table inside the mess tent, with the plates, cups and knives, forks and spoons, and that all cowhands, including the wagon boss, were welcome to come in and get their grub, but that they had to take it outside to eat. There was to be no lingering in the mess tent, no sitting on the cook's bedroll, and no smoking. Furthermore, when supper was over, Speck said he would allow no man to come in for extra coffee while he was busy washing pots, pans and dishes and making preparations for an early morning breakfast.

Speck made it plain that he needed his well-earned sleep and that he alone slept in the mess tent, that if the men coming in off night guard wanted coffee they were out of luck unless they made it in the extra coffee pot over a campfire.

Speck went on to explain that he slept with his six-shooter under his pillow, and that during his career in this country and the Klondike region he had been crowded into killing a few men. He claimed he was easy to get along with but could take his own part. He said he was proud to call himself the Speckled Nigger from the Klondike but he wasn't about to stand for any white man to do the same.

Brewster told me once that Speck claimed he'd lost his own teeth from scurvy in Alaska, and that an Alaskan dentist had made him a double set of teeth from placer gold, and Speck was sure proud of them.

I HAD HEARD that the arrogant speech made by Speck didn't go over so well with the Circle C cowhands and the reps. On the contrary, it was a sort of gutshot. It had long since been the habit for the boys when they rode into camp from night herd to help themselves to hot coffee and the pie the roundup cook left out. Out of respect for the sleeping cook they always moved silently, making very little noise. They never spoke and the only noise was the faint tinkle of their spur rowels.

Also it was the custom for the wagon boss to sleep in the mess tent with the roundup cook if that was the boss' choice. But Horace Brewster took the unreasonable edict laid down by Speck in silence, as did the cowpunchers. Speck's thinly veiled threat of gun play with the boast of having killed a few men, however, was a rankling subject.

Among the regular Circle C cowpunchers were a few men who had heard the owl hoot when they were on the dodge. One or two had been mixed up in the blood-spattered Johnson County War and as a result were traveling under other names. They all packed six-shooters, and time was when they had used those guns and traveled on their reputations. A couple of the cowhands were numbered to be among the unknown members of the Kid Curry Gang. There was Jim Thornhill, former partner of Kid Curry in a ranch in the Little Rockies before Kid Curry killed Pike Landusky and quit the country. There was Harry Longabaugh, better known as the Sundance Kid, notorious member of the Wild Bunch, working as a cowhand on the Circle C payroll under a different name; and Bill Carver, another member of the Wild Bunch, working under another name.

Carver and the Sundance Kid had been cooling out at the Kid Curry hideaway near Thornhill Butte, having blotted out their cold trail from Robbers Roost and the Hole in the Wall, to further confuse Charlie Siringo and other range detectives employed by the Pinkertons. Now they were punching cows just for the hell of it. Being tired of roundsiding at the hideaway they craved a little action.

There was also Jack Teal who had traveled on his tough gun-slinger rep in the Johnson County War in Wyoming, and was now repping with the Circle C wagon.

So Speck had spoken out of turn when he bragged of his killing record along his back trail. And as far as any cowpuncher in the outfit ever calling him "nigger" was concerned, nobody gave a damn one way or the other whether or not he had Negro blood, anymore than they thought about cowboy Joe Contway or Charlie Stuart being halfbreed Indians. And there was Hambone and Nigger Bob, both good roundup and ranch cooks and both black. No cowpuncher was drawing the color line when they referred to Bob Smith as Nigger Bob, and to cowpuncher Bob Smith as Whitey Bob. It was mainly to tell them apart.

Photo from Author's Collection, Courtesy Mrs. Walt Coburn

And there was Albert (Speck) Williams, who had been a slave. As a young man he had drifted into the outlaw country known as Brown's Hole, where the Point of Rocks marked the spot where the northeast corner of Utah joined the southeast corner of Colorado and the south line of Wyoming.

Speck Williams tended strictly to his own business, the only Negro among as tough a bunch of white outlaws and ranchers as ever inhabited the West. While he was not actually an active mem-

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Roundup Camp on Beaver Creek with Cabarn Buttes in the background

ber of the Wild Bunch, Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry and the rest considered Speck Williams a man they could trust.

THE SUNDANCE KID and Bill Carver had a medicine talk with Jim Thornhill. They told him they were lying low for a spell and wanted no trouble of any kind. If the uppity cook got out of line and caused a ruckus they would saddle up and be long gone. The only man working with the Circle C wagon who knew their true identity was Jim Thornhill, who would never betray them.

It was a well known fact, for Jim made no bones about it, that any man on the dodge was welcome at the Thornhill place. The log barn at his ranch had an outside stairway to the hay loft that could be lifted by block and tackle. It was where any man on the dodge could bed down overnight or longer, and he was welcome to a change of horses when he drifted yonderly. Every sheriff and deputy sheriff in that part of the country were well aware of the fact that they were not welcome at the Thornhill ranch, albeit Jim Thornhull was on friendly terms with them. A sort of armed truce best described the situation.

Like as not when Jim Thornhill had read the sign that the Sundance Kid and Bill Carver were getting a little edgy roundsiding at the hideaway, holed up like wolves, he had suggested they hire out to the Circle C when the beef roundup started. After all, Kid Curry and his brothers, Loney and Johnnie, and Thornhill himself had worked for the outfit before the Curry boys had gone down the Outlaw Trail. The wagon boss, Horace Brewster, and most of the regular Circle C cowhands and the reps had worked with the Curry boys at different times and were loyal friends. Even if they suspected that the Sundance Kid and Bill Carver belonged to the Wild Bunch there wasn't a man in the outfit who would try in any way to collect the bounty on their hides.

The Circle C was one outfit where nobody asked any questions. If any law officer showed up at the roundup camp Jim Thornhill would tip the outlaws off in plenty of time for them to get away, on account of he knew all the badge polishers from the sheriff down. So when the roundup cook spoke out of turn it was big Jim Thornhill who told the outlaws to pay no attention to him, because sooner or later some cowpuncher was bound to get fed up and call Speck's hand, or Horace Brewster would send him down the road cussing to himself.

Thus things rocked along for a couple of weeks. Despite Speck's dictatorial, cranky ways, his was the best grub the cowhands had ever laid tongue to. His sourdough biscuits and flapjacks, his steaks and stews were the best they had ever eaten.

Speck was an expert with two kinds of sonofagun specialties. One was a mixture of kidneys, heart, liver, brains and marrow guts, simmered slowly in a Dutch oven. The other was a suet pudding with raisins, currants and citron mixed in the

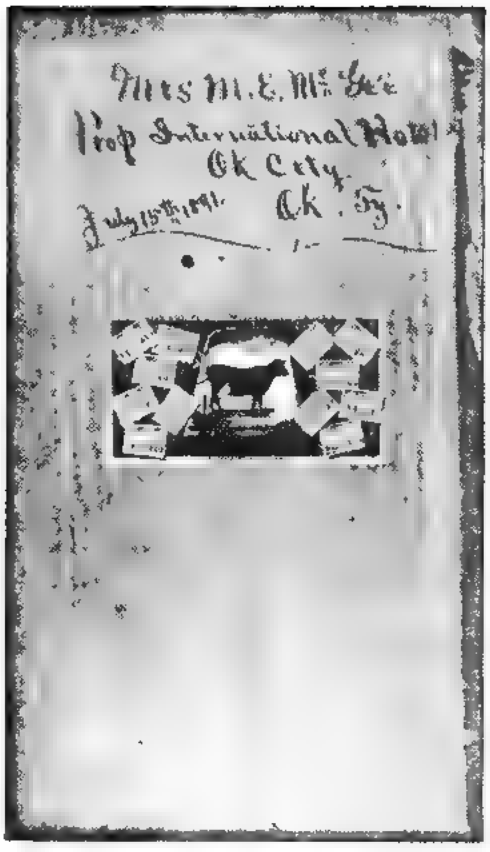
(Continued on page 58)

"FIRST CLASS HOUSE LIVERY IN CONNECTION"

—reading between the lines of a hotel register...

BY EILEEN CHARBO

Photos and Hotel Register pages, Courtesy Author



Flyleaf from Mrs. McGee's 1891 Ledger.

Hundreds of pictures of theatre and society folk were soaked off the pages of old hotel register, used as a scrapbook.

MRS. A. A. HURD survived her husband by forty years and on her death at ninety-five on July 20, 1960, their three-story square house on a corner lot in Topeka, Kansas was dismantled. Its violet wood music cases, Japanese jardinieres taller than a man, its Boule desks and mahogany highboys and lowboys were taken over gleefully by antique buyers. A shiny 1912 Dodge was moved for the first time in two generations from where it stood in the turntable-floored garage on the back of the lot. The Hurds were a close family and, living at the Hurd home until their respective deaths had been her sister; her mother, Mary Elizabeth McGee Young; a retarded sixty-year-old nephew; his nurse and Mrs. Hurd's nurse.

A neatly wrapped bundle in the basement contained two large scrapbooks, the daybook ledger and the register from early-day hotels operated by Mrs. McGee in the [Oklahoma] Indian Territory. Mrs. Hurd, rich but frugal, had pasted over the pages of the old railroad-hotel books, covering the pages with sepia gravures of stage and society leaders; royalty—near and far—the jet set of the late nineties. In her clear angular hand she had labeled every picture and sometimes entered a note such as "Cornelius Vanderbilt died yesterday, 9-3-1898," or "The Met burst into flames today. In the audience were Mrs. Potter Palmer, Chauncey Depew and Mrs. Grover Cleveland."

An inscription on the fly leaf of the day ledger read "Mr. M. E. McGee, Prop., International Hotel, OK City, OK Ty., July 15, 1891." And once the overlay of pictures was removed, the daily operation of a first-class hotel became legible. Mrs. McGee had used a simple "Money-In—Money Out" system and meant Breakfast, Dinner, Supper and Lodging.

The larger book was the register for the Love Hotel she operated in Purcell, Indian Territory in 1901-1902. Its masthead promised "FIRST CLASS HOUSE. GOOD SAMPLE ROOM. SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL MEN. LIVERY IN CONNECTION."

Mrs. McGee followed the silver ribbon of the Santa Fe tracks southward, and her hotels were apparently backed by a man of her own age who had married her daughter. After operating a series of small hotels in Missouri, she appeared at the Arlington House for railroad men on the Kansas border at Erie; then the Weaver and International Hotels in Oklahoma City; and the Love in Purcell, Indian Territory.

Her red plush circular settees, lace curtains and fancy cooking must have provided a rare oasis in this traveler's Sahara. Oklahoma City and Purcell, tent and clapboard towns after the Territory opened, lay midway between Kansas City and Galveston, Texas. Several miles of sidetracks were crowded with cars. From coal fields to the east, the roadbeds of the Choctaw and the Denison-Washita lines were being built to join the mighty Santa Fe. The old register and daybook reflect a raw new country, mushrooming with people eager for drummers' goods, thirsty for entertainment and keen for opportunity. Texas beef that heretofore had been driven up to Kansas railheads would now ride. The new towns would be "inland seaports, a thousand miles from salt water." "Fresh oysters every Monday!"

One of the last events to take place in Mrs. McGee's Arlington House parlor

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Right: Original page (front and back) of the register of Love Hotel, Purcell, for September 25, 1901. Ringling Bros. Circus was in town, registered for "board only."

at Erie, before she followed the rails south, was the wedding of her twenty-year-old daughter, Theodosia Oosley on December 21, 1885 to Albert Arthur Hurd, the influential, well-to-do General Solicitor for the Santa Fe General Offices in Topeka. He was as old as his wife's mother. The wedding followed hot on the heels of a year-long front page scandal concerning the groom's divorced wife, known by her maiden name, Frankie Morris.

Convicted at first as guilty of Murder in the First Degree for putting arsenic into her mother's Thanksgiving Day beer, pretty redheaded Frankie was, on appeal, acquitted after her former husband brought himself and the staff of the Santa Fe legal department to Chanute where the U. S. District Court sat.

The same Judge L. Stillwell who had heard the trial, verdict and acquittal, performed the marriage service for Theodosia and A. A. Hurd. The newlyweds left immediately for their future home in Topeka.

SILENCED now are the owners of clear and readable signatures in Mrs. McGee's register. And gone is their wit and good humor. One drummer signed himself: "Soda Simon." He sold Bulldog Tobacco. Another guest registered as "Thirsty Bill, Society Man."

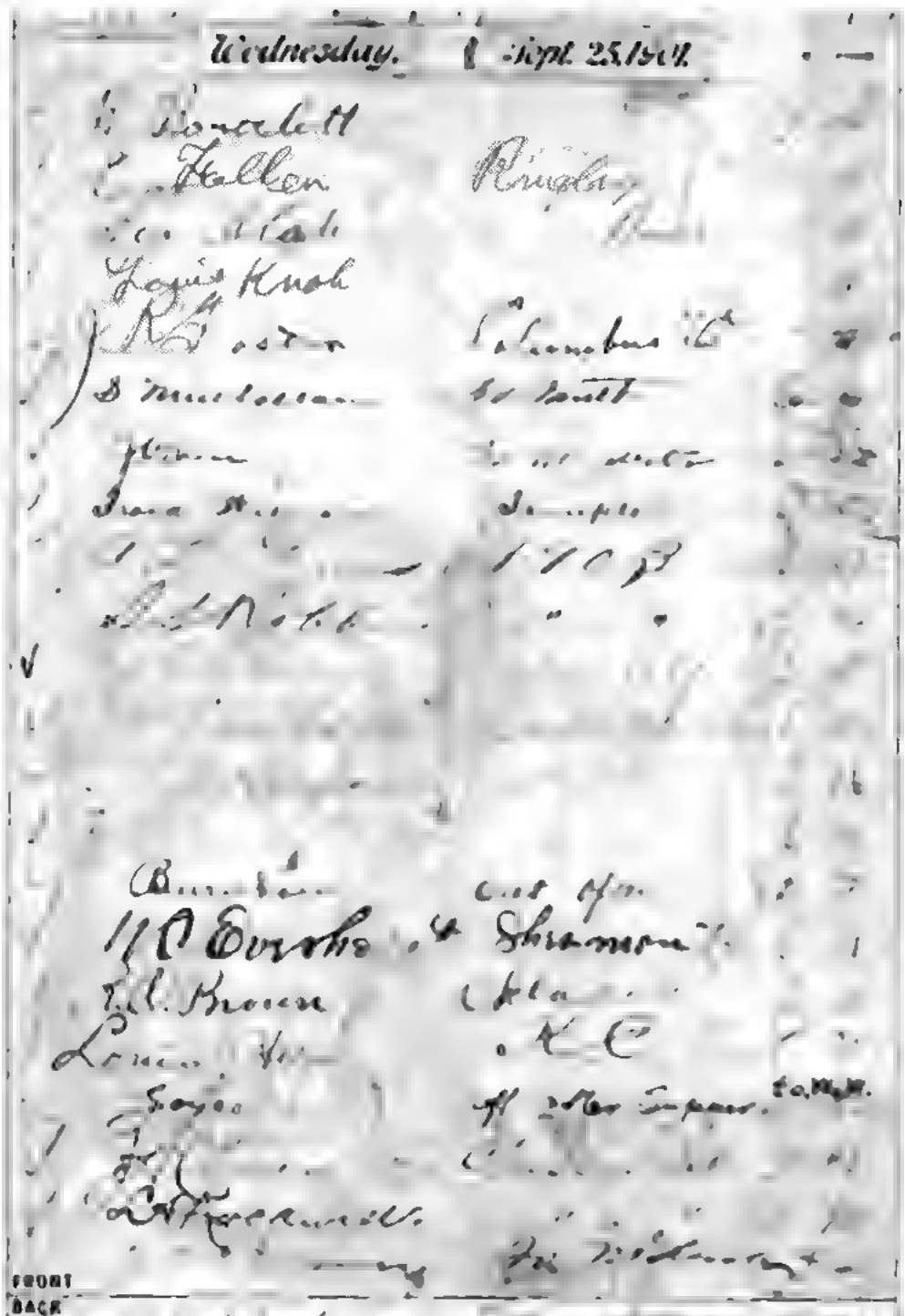
Railroad officials and promoters flocked in from the East and from England. Senators and Congressmen and newspapermen attested the importance and excitement of the place and time. Reporters used as an address the name of their papers: Joe M. London, Dallas *News*; J. D. Ludwig, Wichita *Beacon*; J. S. Davis, Kansas City *Times*. Apparently few services were free. Only once does "Gratis" appear after a man's name —Mr. Ludwig of the Wichita *Beacon*. Fellow hotel operators also paid up. W. R. Wellham, "Prop. of the Alex Mitchell Hotel of Mitchell, South Dakota," paid his twenty days lodging at the rate of $1 a day plus food and smokes.

G. W. Hutchings, Traveling Photographer, St. Louis, Missouri was probably a popular guest though his pet was not. Hutchings carried along a goat with harness and wagon in which children were seated for his hooded-tripod camera portraits. He was charged ten cents a meal "for goat."

Most travelers were men. Seldom does "wife and family" appear on the pages. Lizzie Whaley, Chillocco, I. T., and May Socra and Helen Hyde of Coutella, I. T. were frequently registered, for whatever professions they followed.

A man noted simply as "Deem" came often, and had many women guests: "Dinner at noon for Miss Carrie Bell Clardy and again for supper—for Deem, $1.40."

Ringling Brothers Circus people, registered in September 1901, probably slept in their own cars on a siding, or in tents



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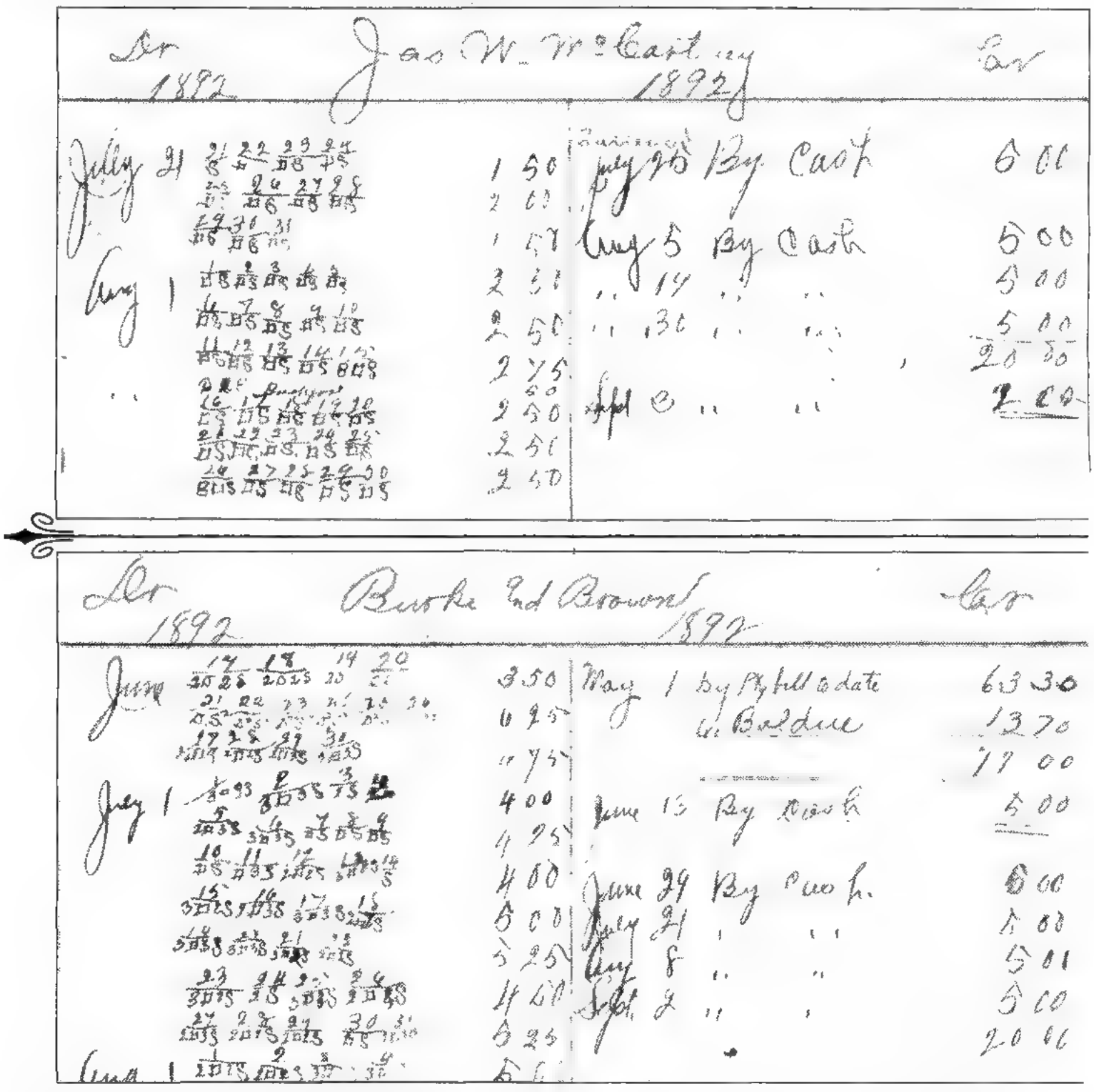

Hieroglyphics known to early clerks and bookkeepers. For instance, on June 17 and 18 Burke and Brown had 2 dinners and 2 suppers.

if those were cooler. Their names do not indicate if they were circus officials or highwire artists.

At top of the Register in Mrs. McGee's fine hand was printed, "Guests without luggage pay in advance." One guest was noted as "Valise only; paid in advance." This was before the hotel men of Kansas pressured their legislators into passing the Deadbeat Law requiring luggage or paying ahead. The new law wiped off many a "skipper," traveling from one hotel to the next beating room and board bills.

A small rhubarb is indicated on a September 13, 1891 ledger entry. A. C. Scott had registered for one month's "Board Only." It took some negotiating and four months time to settle his bill. On February 4, 1892, the ledger shows "Acct. closed. Ballanced by compromise." (The sometimes bookkeeper was long on arabesques and poor on spelling. "Dinning room," "frunture"—but he "ballanced.")

J. J. Burk, with an eye on his expense account, registered December 1, 1891 for 32 "Regular .35 suppers." He made a deal for them at 33-1/3¢ each and paid in advance at the "Discunted price. Pd. in full, $10.66 2/3¢." How?

IN THE "Money Out" section of the ledger is a glimpse of the rather bleak life of the employees, who were hired and fired with dizzying speed. One Will Smith, porter was carried on the books at $5 a week wages beginning September 21, 1891. Either Will was destitute of clothes or just could not get past Gerson's Mercantile, a nearby emporium whose owner boarded at the hotel. Charges

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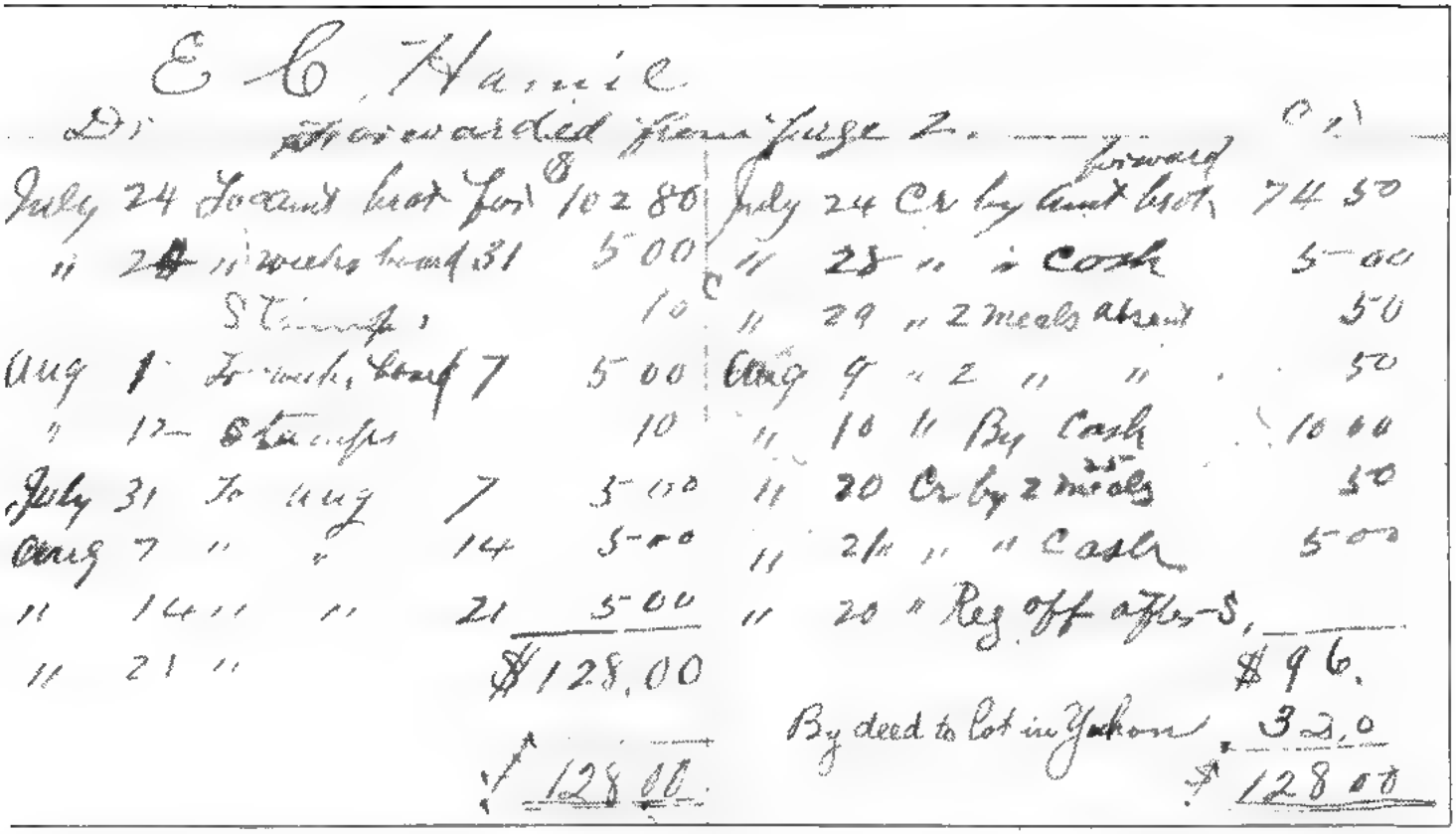
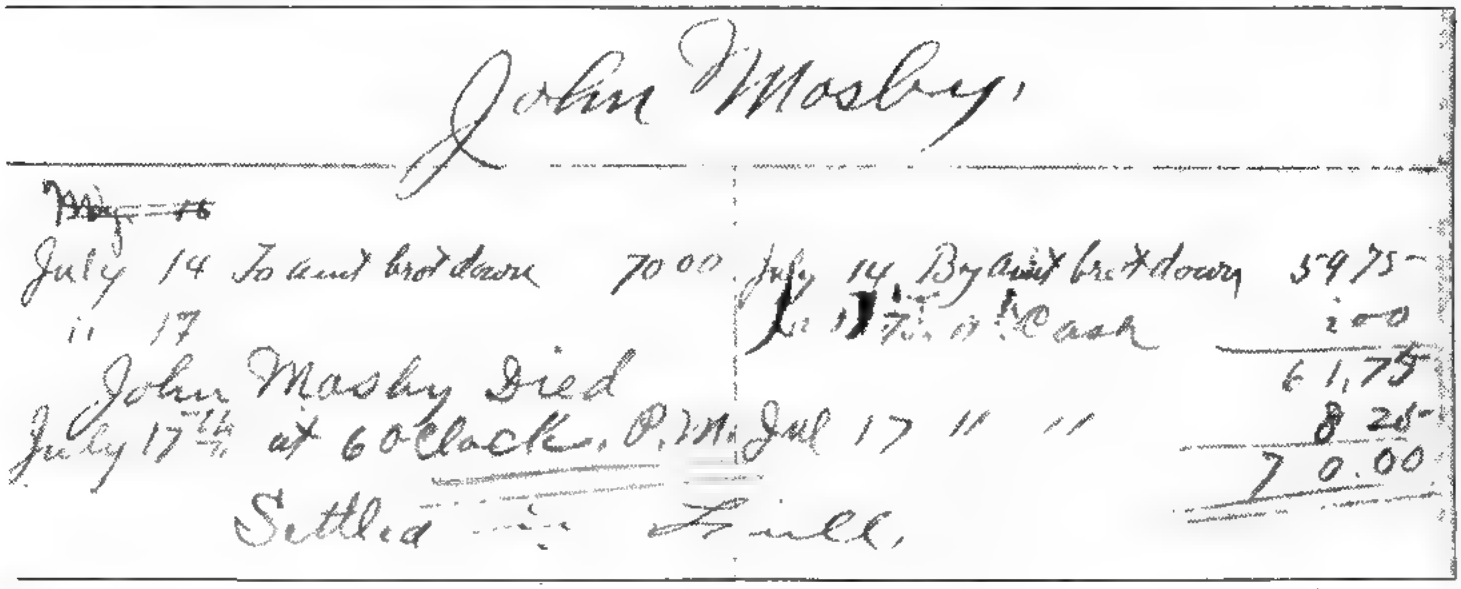


E C Hamil

Dr. Forwarded from Page 2. Cr.

July	24	To Amt brot forward	102 80	July	24	Cr by Amt brot forward	74 50
"	24	" 2 weeks board 31	5 00	"	25	" " Cash	5 00
		8 Stamps	10	"	29	" 2 meals absent	50
Aug	1	To " board 7	5 00	Aug	9	" 2 " "	50
"	12	" 8 Stamps	10	"	10	" By Cash	10 00
July	31	To Aug 7	5 00	"	20	Cr by 2 meals	50
Aug	7	" " 14	5 00	"	21	" " Cash	5 00
"	14	" " 21	5 00	"	20	" Reg. Off after-S,	$96.
"	21	"	$128.00			By deed to Lot in Yukon	32.0
			$128 00				$128 00

One guest, E. C. Hamil (above), makes a payment on his bill with a deed to a lot in the Yukon, worth $32. Employe John Mosby (below) dies and his account is marked "Settled in Full."



John Mosby

July	14	To Amt brot down	70 00	July	14	By Amt brot down	59 75
"	17			"	17	" Cash	2 00
		John Mosby Died					61,75
July	17	at 6 o'clock. P.M.		Jul	17	" "	8 25
							70.00
		Settled in Full.					

against a single month's salary for Willie include:

Socks and collars from Gersons	.50
Drawers—Gersons	.50
Coat and Vest	3.50
1 Suit	5.00
2 shirts—Gersons	1.25

By December 1, Willie was so in debt his employer was holding out part of his wages.

Kitchen and "dinning room" help included Calvin Deviney, First Cook, who worked twelve hours each day for $8 a week. On his debit side each day were "2 cigars . . . 10c." The dog days of summer must have got Calvin, for on August 24, 1891 his account had a salary deduction of $1.10 for "One day in jail." August 28 shows a $5 advance. Perhaps Mrs. McGee bailed him out to get back to the hotel and cook supper for a full house that night. The next month he was docked 40¢ for broken dishes, 25¢ for burned up rolls, and advanced $1.00 cash.

George Ray, a "dinning room" boy started at $3 a week, made himself useful, advanced to $4.50 a week, and by June 1891 was earning $5 a week.

The dish smashers were heavy-handed then, as now. Under a heading of "Misc. dinning room help," Robert Williams is debited with "cake stand smashed . . . 75¢." Mary Kinsey, a dishwasher, wiped out her $2.50 wages with weekly advances.

Victoria Payne, laundress, and Mossie Smith, head dishwasher, drew the same salary of $3 a week.

John Mosby, carried as an employee of unspecified duties, had a salary of $7 a week. The double line marked "Ballanced" stated that he died on July 17 at 6 p.m. "Settled in Full."

Mrs. Mollie Raney, chambermaid, started at $2.50 a week; Lulu Boyd, "Waitting Room girl" had a more munificent stipend of "$3 a week plus wash." Less than three weeks after Lulu's job began, she appears nervous or in a tantrum, being charged 50¢ for "malishus breaking dishes." Again, a week later, the daybook records a charge against her salary for "breaking window glass."

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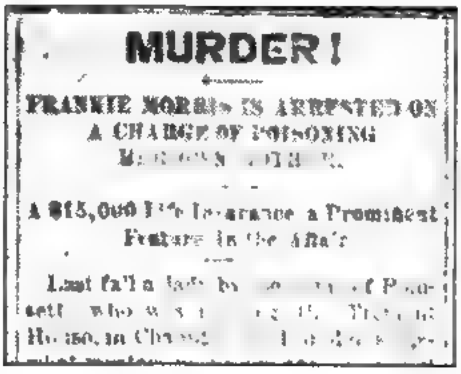


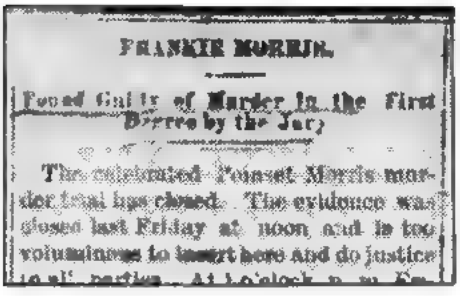
MURDER!

FRANKIE MORRIS IS ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF POISONING

A $15,000 Life Insurance a Prominent Feature in the Affair

Last fall a lady by the name of Poinsett who was [illegible] Hotel in Chanute [illegible]

Above: Frankie Morris Is Arrested On A Charge Of Poisoning Her Own Mother. A $15,000 Life Insurance a Prominent Feature in the Affair. In the Erie, Kansas *Record*, Friday, June 26, 1885. Below: Frankie Morris Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree by the Jury, was reported in the *Record*, Friday, August 14, 1885.



FRANKIE MORRIS.

Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree by the Jury

The celebrated Poinsett Morris murder trial has closed. The evidence was closed last Friday at noon and is too voluminous to insert here and do justice to all parties. At 9 o'clock p. m. Sa[illegible]

Jennie Steele is listed as "Commenced dinning room, Sunday dinner Sept. 18, 1891 at $3 a week." A week later she was charged $2 for eight suppers. Maybe she ate them herself or perhaps kinfolk dropped by—anyway the closing entry for Jennie is, "Fired. Settled in full."

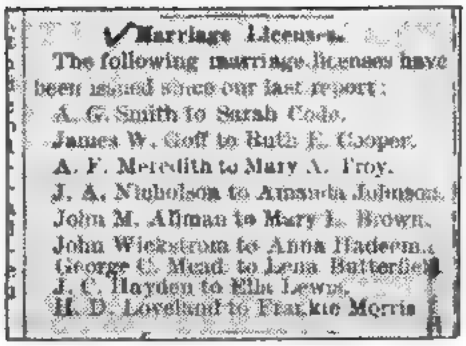
A callboy from the railroad yards pounded a guest's door at an appointed hour to tell him his train was in. Or the desk man yelled up the stairway as wakeup service.

THe name of J. G. McCoy appeared frequently on the register. This stockbreeder put Abilene's stockpens on the map. He had a shrewd eye to the Texas backyard of Oklahoma. His advanced theories of iced shipping cars for butchered beef and other ideas were probably discussed in Mrs. McGee's parlors.

Mrs. McGee married one of her star boarders sometime around 1902. Sylvester Young owned a racehorse, and various debits against the hotel help's wages indicate they bought many 25¢ to $2.00 chances on the horse.

Mrs. Young, again widowed, lived her last twenty years in Topeka in the home of her daughter, Theo Hurd. Letters indicate she was particularly fond of her contemporary son-in-law who died in 1915. His relationship to the mothers of both his wives is not clear, but he may have backed their hotel ventures along the railroad he knew so well.

His first wife's mother, Nancy Poinsette, was operating a railroad hotel, the Tremont, in Chanute, Kansas when her daughter was accused of poisoning her on November 26, 1884. Mrs. Poinsette's body was disinterred to prove the amount of arsenic. The case was sensational. A. A. Hurd was accused in written testimony of having gotten Frankie, his first wife, from a brothel in Junction City. Mr. Hurd, apparently always concerned with

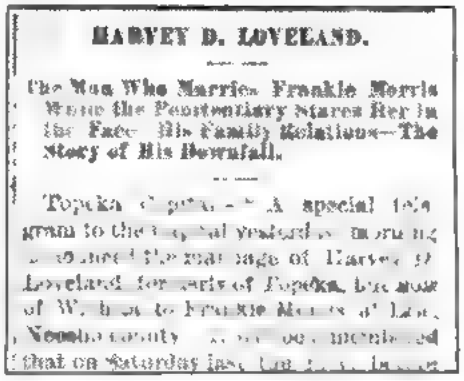


Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been issued since our last report:

A. G. Smith to Sarah Code.
James W. Goff to Ruth E. Cooper.
A. F. Meredith to Mary A. Troy.
J. A. Nicholson to Amanda Johnson.
John M. Allman to Mary L. Brown.
John Wickstrom to Anna Hadeem.
George C. Mead to Lena Butterfield.
J. C. Hayden to Ella Lewis.
H. D. Loveland to Frankie Morris

Above: The *Record* of August 14, 1885 shows—on the last line—H. D. Loveland and Frankie Morris issued a marriage license. Below: Harvey D. Loveland, The Man Who Marries Frankie Morris While The Penitentiary Stares Her in the Face—His Family Relations—The Story of His Downfall. A writeup in the *Record*, Friday, August 21, 1885.



HARVEY D. LOVELAND.

The Man Who Marries Frankie Morris While the Penitentiary Stares Her in the Face—His Family Relations—The Story of His Downfall.

Topeka [illegible] A special telegram to the [illegible] yesterday morning announced the marriage of Harvey D. Loveland, formerly of Topeka, but now of Wichita, to Frankie Morris of Erie, Neosho county. [illegible] mentioned that on Saturday last [illegible]

the welfare of his women, had taken a $15,000 insurance policy on Nancy Poin-

(Continued on page 29)

The inside back cover of the register had this likeness of Little Egypt, a Chicago meat packer's daughter who was the sensation of the 1893 Columbian Exposition. She would be back for the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, this time to tell fortunes with cards.

Mystery Man Identified

The response to my letter, published in the July '76 *Frontier Times* was very good, and solved an old mystery. I had written to ask if anyone knew who a man could have been that I met back in 1921 in Concordia, Kansas. He was about fifty to sixty then, with long light brown or grey hair and a long handlebar mustache —about the healthiest, wildest old man I had ever seen. I thought he looked something like Pawnee Bill. He had a grizzly bear in a cage in a Dodge. The back half of the car body had been cut off. He told me he had lassoed the bear over in New Mexico with the help of some cowboys and was taking him to a zoo in St. Louis.

All these years I wondered about this man, and now I know his name—Barney Pearson, called "Old Idaho Bill."—Ted H. French, Jamestown, Kansas 66948

Joe Dog—Pappy Chee

My grandfather was Apache but didn't live on any reservation. He called himself a free Apache and traveled New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and the Durango, Sonora (Mexico) area, sometimes living with the Tarahumara Indians. He was known as Joe Dog, Jake, Pappy Chee—I believe his real name was Tsejichay or Tahsechisay. He also used the last name Nicholas.

He had two wives. One was from Fort Sill and one from the Mescalero reservation. He raised my cousin who was half white and was known as Sky Eyes because of her blue eyes.

He was about in his seventies and going blind when he disappeared between ten or twelve years ago in some mountains in Mexico. From what I hear, my grandfather was a real rascal, but if one considers the conditions and circumstances Indians have had to live with, I'm sure it can be understood.

I am interested in any of the items he may have given away in trade. I also am looking for the person who bought a silver belt with the moon and sun for $300 about five years ago. My cousin, Fred Daklugie, also an Apache, sold it and if possible I would like to buy back the belt.—Francesca Veltri, P. O. Box 379, Beverly Shores, Indiana 46301

Highways and Dirt Roads

In reference to a letter from Mrs. Ples Harper in the July Frontier Post feature, I would like to correct one statement mentioning "five Interstate Highways which cross in Amarillo."

People have not yet been educated as to the difference between Interstate and just "four-lane divided" highways. Only two Interstates cross, or intersect, in Amarillo. The others are either U.S. or secondary.

Many four-lane highways are just U. S. Highways. Being four-lane divided does not necessarily make a highway Interstate. An Interstate is marked by a shield bearing the designation "Interstate." They are also limited access as contrary to U. S. roads which are not.

Hope the "Palo Duro Canyon" blowout was a large success but don't feel bad if some of the audience reached Amarillo on dirt roads.—John H. Conlin, 2923 South 9th Street, Deming, New Mexico 88030.

Spanish American War Pictures

I have fifty pictures of soldiers who served in the Spanish American War in Company A and Company C, 135th Infantry in the Philippine Islands. The pictures were made between 1889 and 1904. I will be glad to send any of them to the boys' families on request. There are also some miscellaneous pictures.

MENZO BROCKWAY, picture taken 1889 at Rembrandt Studio, San Francisco, California; killed in 1907

CRONKIDE, picture taken in Manila, Philippine Islands; Enami Studio 1900

LEWIS, picture also taken in Manila, P. I., Enami Studio 1900

JOHN DALLY, picture taken in San Francisco, Givens (J.D.) Studio. Was home in Angel Island, California in 1903; killed in 1914

JOHN DAMRATH, picture taken in 1899, may have been in Philippine Islands.

HARVEY ERNEST, picture taken in 1903

IVAN ERNEST, picture taken in 1902

MURD OLNEY FISHER, picture taken in 1904, Winamac, Indiana

DANIEL GALVIN, listed as 103 W. 10th St., Chicago, Illinois; picture taken 1904

ARMORE GARVIN, picture taken in 1903

JOHN GANNON, picture taken in 1899; died in 1912

JOHN C. HANNAN, picture taken in 1904

JAMES HARRIS, picture taken in 1904

ROBERT HARVEY, picture taken in 1903

CHARLES HARVEY, picture taken in 1904

HEARING, picture taken in 1903; home, Angel Island, California

GEORGE HENNING, picture taken in 1903

HENERY, picture taken in 1899

PRIVATE HECK, home in Buffalo, New York

BESSIE HEMENWAY, home in Buffalo, New York

ALICE CUMMER, home in Buffalo, New York

HARRY HENSWORTH, home in Neola, Iowa; picture taken in 1903

HOLT, picture taken in 1903

THOMAS HICKMAN, with name Minnie Hickman on back; 1904

GEORGE JACKSON, picture taken in 1904

WM. MARKWELL, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.; 1908

1ST SERGEANT HENRY W. PERRY, 1903

JOSEPH STUTIAN and NICKLOS STINEHART, 1902

SLAFFER and RYAN, or RHYAN, Manila, P.I., 1900 STINGLE and DEMING, 1889, Manila, P. I.

RHYAN, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.; 1889; Manila, P. I.

JOHNIE and TOMMY SMITH, 1899

STINGEL, GALEGAR, LOSIC, FLOOD and RHYAN, 1900

JOHN F. SMITH, Fort Porter, Buffalo, New York; home, Buffalo, New York

FALADY, 1900, Manila, P. I.

FALADY, STINGLE or STIGENLE, 1900

TREMBLE, 1900

WARD and HARTSTINE, 1904

JOHN WERNER, 1900, Manila, P. I.

FRANK WEIR, 1902

BERTHA GRAEFF or GRAFF, home Robesonia, Pennsylvania; 1905

BABY TOM, 5 months old, to his uncle, THOMAS DAVENPORT: 1902

BABY BULCOCK, picture made in St. Louis, Missouri

I just received my July issue of *Frontier Times* and I think the magazine gets better each month.—Claudis E. Daily, 809 Cherry Street, New Albany, Indiana 47150

White Bird

I recently got hold of a Spokane, Washington paper and read an article on White Bird Hill and the new road around it. Let me tell you about an earlier road up White Bird Hill.

In the winters of the terrible flu (1919-1920) I was staying with a family by the name of Stone in Spokane and attending school, where my dad had left me as he had to work to support me. He and Frank Stone took a contract to supply cordwood to a construction camp that was building the new road between Riggins and White Bird. They hired out from Spokane (the employment offices were all along Trent Avenue in the saloons), leaving Stone's family and me to make it as best we could. Stone had five children around my age. That was a long winter of cold and sickness for us.

Charley Lowman, my dad, and Frank Stone set up their wood camp on a tributary of Race Creek, just above the Tyler ranch. The construction camp was between Riggins and White Bird. The road then was two tracks dug from solid rock between the mountains and the water of Salmon River, just wide enough for a wagon and team. There was no other place for a new road except on top of the old. It was dug from the side of the mountain and was wider and up

(Continued on page 62)

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A SPOIL'T HORSE

Seems like he had just one ambition and that was to keep Liberty County, Texas afoot!

BY TERRY PALMER
as told to
BILL BRETT

Photos Courtesy Author

FRANKLIN DOWDELL bought a horse one time up at Batson from either John or Matt Knight, I don't remember for sure which one, but I well remember the horse, a four-year-old dun with a black mane and tail and big for a range-raised horse in this country (East Texas). Weighed maybe 850 pounds and built close and blocky. Franklin told me he rode him two or three times in the pen at home and he was a hard jumping horse, but jumped straight and quit pretty quick and wasn't at all hard to ride.

Well, anyway, about the second or third time Franklin rode him outside he stopped at somebody's house and had him tied to the fence and the horse set back and broke the bridle and got loose with the saddle. The headstall must have broke because I remember he didn't have anything on but the saddle. It was a right new saddle Franklin had borrowed from Mayo Fregia, and Franklin and his twin brother Frank and everybody else in the country they could turn out to help went to riding the woods looking for the horse. Some of them found him a time or two the first three or four days he was out but couldn't pen him and finally lost him complete.

Mayo was raising cain about his saddle and Franklin finally offered a $10 reward for it, and him and his brothers went to riding with their Winchesters. The saddle was worth more than the horse and if they'd found him he'd have been dead. They never could come up on him, though—just hear about him.

The whole country was mostly unfenced, just people's cornfields and trap pastures, and the dun was seen several times up around Batson and as far as Sour Lake once or twice, still wearing the saddle. Every time he was sighted somebody would give him a run but he'd quit whatever bunch he was with and take to the woods and they'd lose him. I suspect he'd not been so lucky if it hadn't been too hot and dry to run him with dogs.

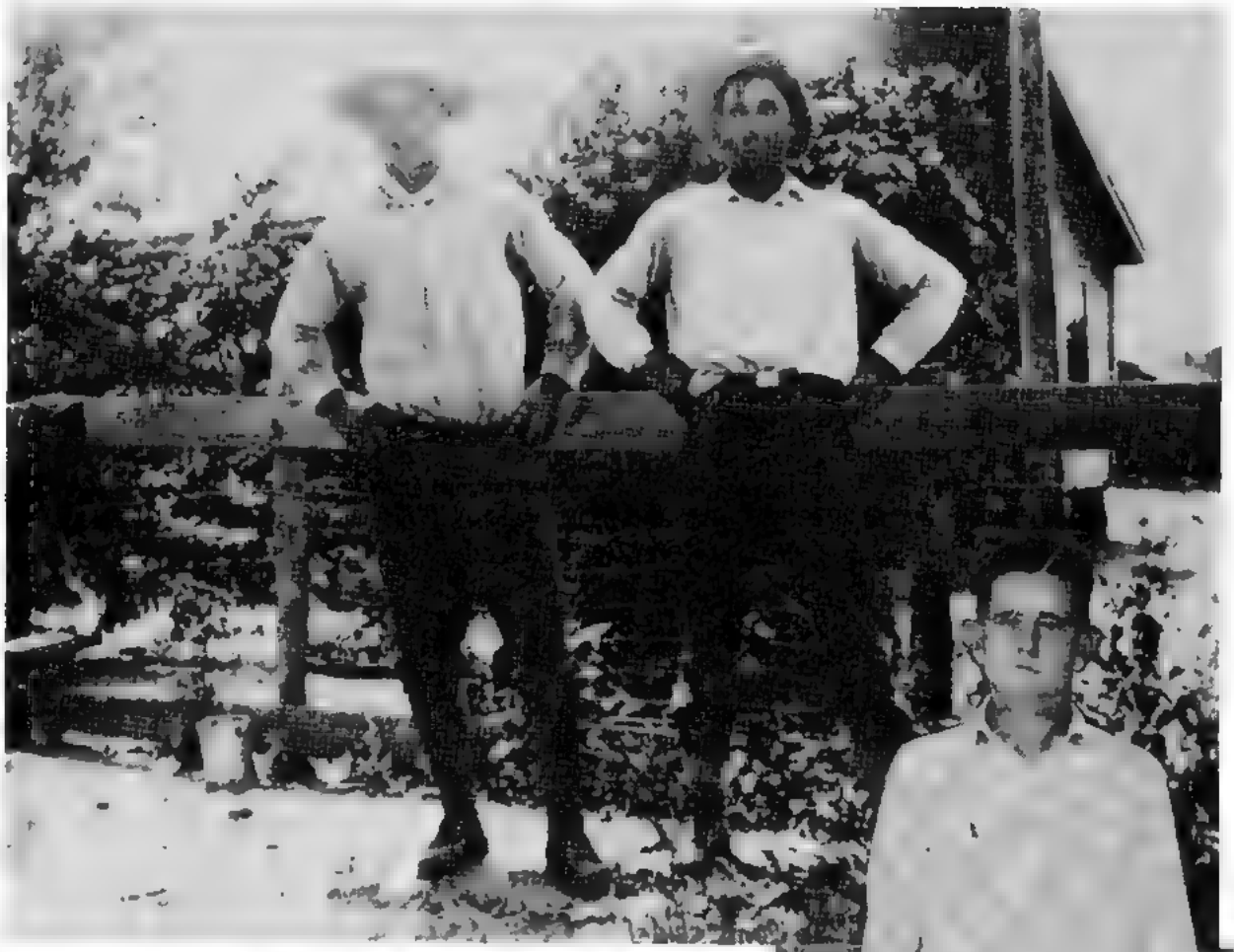
Anyway, he'd been loose thirty-one days when one morning my brother John and O'Neal Key started somewhere in the wagon, I don't remember just where, maybe to Hull for something, or maybe to get a load of pine, something. Our pasture fence was about halfway between the house and Hull. Hull was maybe a mile. Just as they went through the gate they saw the horse standing a little ways out on the prairie. John said they talked about whether to come back to the house and get their saddle horses and try to catch him or just what to do.

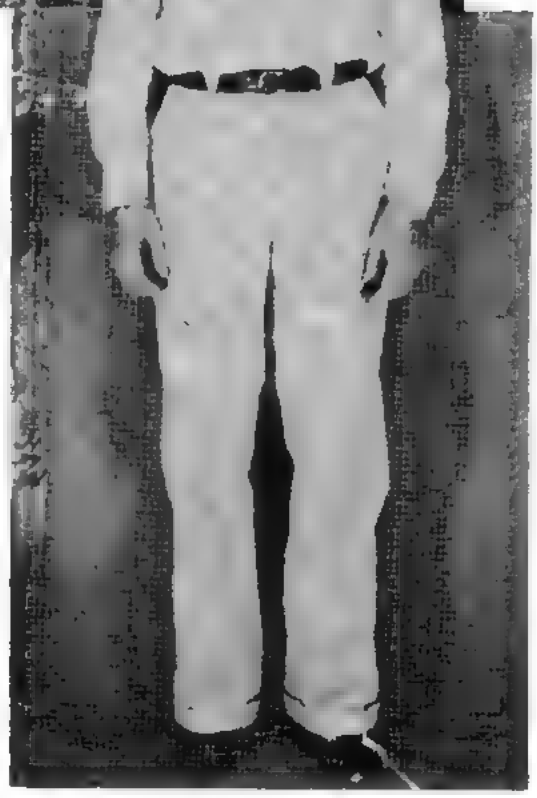
They could see a bunch of old gentle mares of ours across the prairie and finally decided to go around them in the wagon and see if he'd put in with them. The mares was used to coming in that way when we'd pen them. When the boys got to the other side of the bunch John whooped a time or two and they just trotted right to the gate and in the pasture and Franklin's horse come with them.

John and O'Neal went on and hauled whatever they was after and that evening late we penned them at the house. The saddle pad had worked out from under the saddle and ever piece of leather on it was dry and curled up, but Franklin was glad to get it back, anyway.

IT wasn't long after that I bought the horse from Franklin and one morning I saddled up a big sorrel we had here, called him Red, and rode up to the Franklin's place to get him. When I got there I just unsaddled Red and turned him loose so's he could go home.

Franklin come out and seen what I'd done and asked me if I thought I was going to ride the dun home. I told him I guess I'd have to, since I was afoot. He wouldn't hear to it for a while, said that horse was liable to hurt me, me by myself, that he'd go to jumping any second and had got to where he was bad to ride. Finally he said he was going to saddle up and go with me till I got to the prairie.





Above: Terry (left) and John Palmer about 1925 in front of the Bud Palmer place in northeast Liberty County. Right: Dave West in his younger days. Not a big man, but a cat when it came to staying on a bad horse, and pure rawhide.

Opposite page: Cow crew about 1920. Left to right: John Palmer, T. L. (Bud) Palmer, Sam Jordan, Powd Daniels, Terry Palmer, and Dream Fregia. The author says of them, "Like all cowhands who made it their life-work, these men were highly skilled. Although they never thought of it that way. And never got paid that way either. Learning to know what a horse or cow is apt to do ain't easy and neither is learning to ram a horse full speed through the woods through heavy timber, briars, bamboo briars, ti-ti thickets, creeks, bayous, marshes, over logs and at least 48 other things designed to hinder a man running cattle. All six are riding coarse-rigged, A-frame saddles made by Charley Harmon at Hankamer, Texas. These saddles were all handmade and the preferred saddle in this country. I know of several well over 50 years old in use today. The Harmons are still hand-building saddles at Hankamer. Notice the absence of any extra rigging on these hands' saddles. No flank girt, tiedown, breast strap or tapaderos. Just one girt. It and the bridle reins were usually made of twisted horsehair. They were all tie-hard men, but I don't remember anybody being worried about getting a saddle jerked loose."

When we cleared the woods I kicked the dun into a lope and kept him at it until I got home.

Dave West was farming on our place then, and me and him was breaking horses on the side trying to pick up a few extra dollars. We both rode the dun several times trying to get the jump out of him so's to sell him. Dave was about as good at riding a jumping horse as I ever saw but the time or two he let the dun have his head and tried to spur it out of him he had all he could do to stay. The dun didn't jump straight and hard like most horses; he'd just all of a sudden start, maybe after you'd rode him two or three hours, and you never knew whether it'd be straight ahead or if he'd wheel sideways or suck back. And when he was jumping there wasn't no way you could get with him, no timing. He'd mix up long jumps, short jumps, fence-rowing and about ever'thing a horse can do to get rid of a rider, sometimes just a minute or two and sometimes till he was give completely out.

Dave got to needing another work horse that summer and we decided to try the dun at that and he done pretty good, not the best I ever seen in harness but good enough. I don't remember us riding the horse anymore after that, and later on Dave traded me out of him and let Dr. Jordan at Daisetta have him.

One of Dave's boys had been born that winter and he'd had some sickness and when he went to pay the bill, Dr. Jordan said he needed a work horse for a place up at Fred and would take one in on the account if Dave had one. Dave had him come out and look at the dun and showed him he'd work,

(Continued on page 29)

ANDALE,

One place in Sinaloa might have been safe— but when the white men reached there, they found their employe lying in the door with a knife in his back!

IN 1915 every other mine in Sinalon, Mexico had been looted by the Revolutionists before we got word that they were coming. I'd sent all Americans out except three men. They helped me padlock the doors to the mine, mill, houses, and other buildings before they took a train for Mexico City. When I stepped aboard a freight for Guaymas I was the only passenger.

I was hoping it would not stop at Navajoa, but it did. That is, the train did. The crew took to the hills as soon as they found that the town had been looted and deserted.

I carried a six-shooter in a holster under my left arm. I filled two ammunition belts and changed into riding clothes and heavy boots. I wrapped some ammunition in a blanket and set out for the corral to buy a horse. I found nothing but mules. In the dusk the place seemed deserted, but I had to make sure. As I crept cautiously into a shed to look for a saddle a voice asked softly, "Is that you, Bill Johnson?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"Yeager. Help me harness these mules to this buckboard. And hurry! We'll beat it for Minas Nuevas."

"Why not Guaymas?" I asked.

"Road's blocked. I've checked it. We'd better get out of here before that mob returns. It's getting dark."

"Can we pick up my plunder from the train?"

"No. We've got to move, and pronto!"

I scouted the road leading from the village before we took it. Nobody was in sight, but there was no telling how many might be in hiding. We kept a sharp lookout until we got beyond the outskirts of the village.

Amos Yeager pulled up in an open glade to breathe the mules. He told me that a runner had come into Navajoa a few minutes before the freight was due to warn the villagers that the Carranzistas were coming. They followed shortly upon his heels but not until the exodus was begun. They'd looted the town and gone.

"And Minas Nuevas?"

"They hit it last week. Everybody's gone. The first bunch that came in tore the place apart looking for the silver, but I'd shipped it. What they didn't destroy, the second mob did."

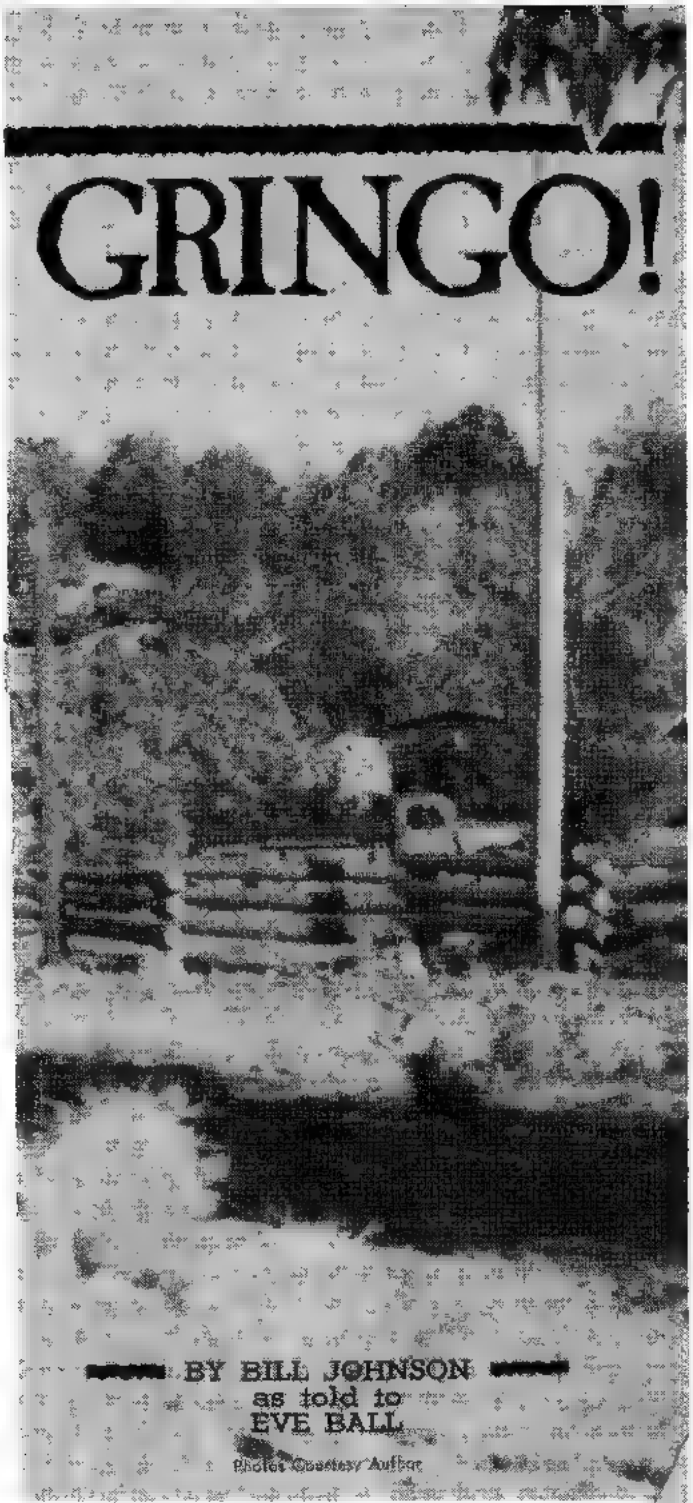
"Then why go there?"

"Where else can we go? Besides, I've got a hideout in the mine. It's equipped for a siege."

IT WAS thirty-five kilometers to the mine but we pulled in at dawn. We skirted the wrecked buildings and stopped at the door to the tunnel. Yeager's *mozo* (servant) came running with the massive key. The door was made of heavy bars of iron. The man opened it and unhitched the mules inside the enclosure. Both they and the two-wheeled buckboard were taken into a side tunnel where they could not be seen from the entrance. Yeager led the way with his gear into another narrow passage and unlocked a door at the end. I stepped into very comfortable, well-ventilated living quarters.

"I've got the company's papers in those boxes," he said. "Before the fireworks

GRINGO!



BY BILL JOHNSON
as told to
EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author

Bill Johnson (right) and his place (above).

started I had put in plenty of bedding, canned goods, lights, food, fuel, and Scotch. Books, too, mostly ones you recommended. With Manuel to rustle beef and tortillas for us we'll make out."

He turned to me, "Now, how about you? Sorry we couldn't get your luggage."

"I've a roll of bills, American money, a six-shooter and ammunition, change of clothes and a blanket. Thought I'd make it to Guaymas and catch a boat to Los Angeles. If not, there's a train of sorts to Nogales."

Amos nodded. The *mozo* brought wood

(Continued on page 39)

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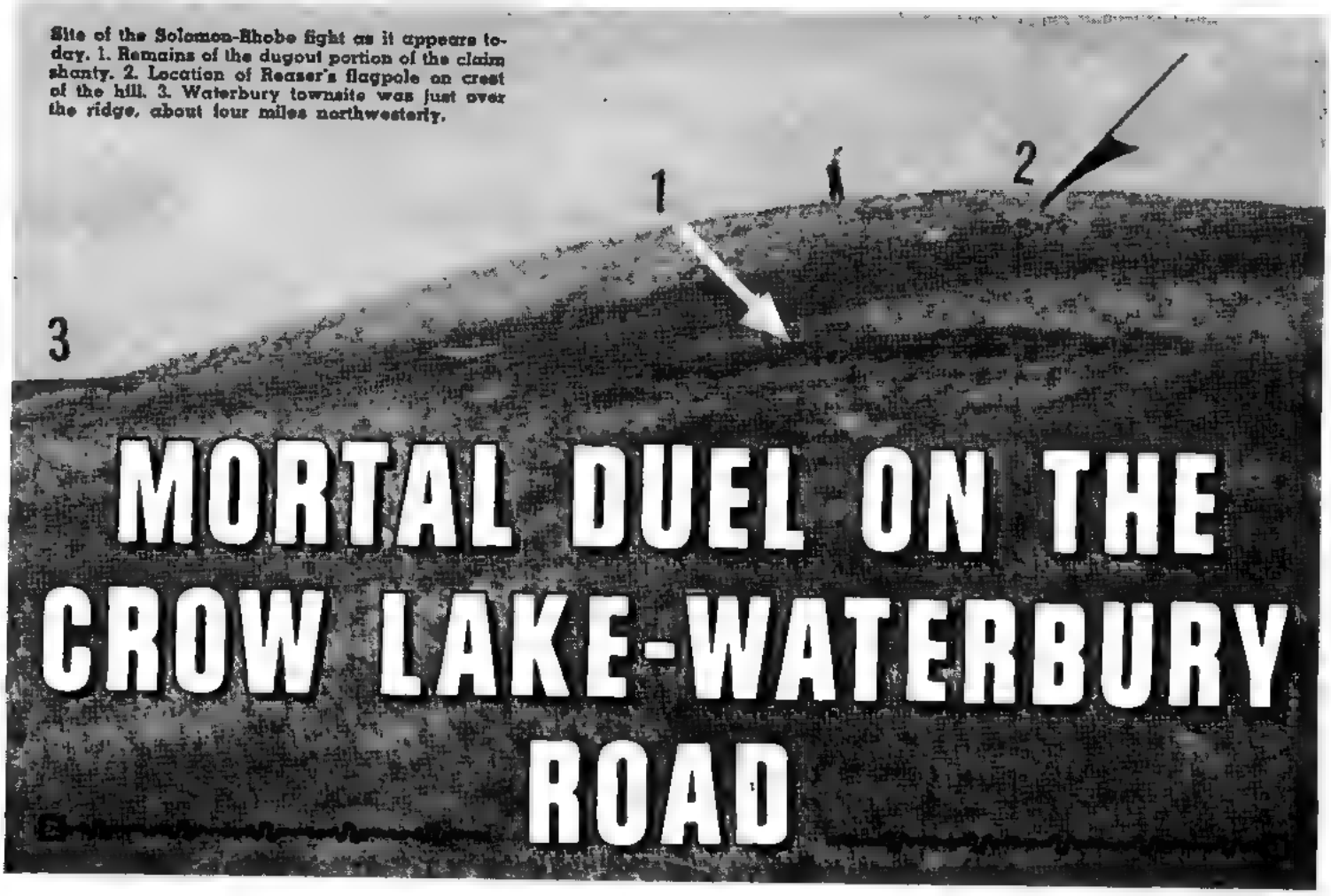


Site of the Solomon-Rhobe fight as it appears today. 1. Remains of the dugout portion of the claim shanty. 2. Location of Reaser's flagpole on crest of the hill. 3. Waterbury townsite was just over the ridge, about four miles northwesterly.

MORTAL DUEL ON THE CROW LAKE-WATERBURY ROAD

Did the frontier drive some men insane? We'd vote "Yes" . . .

BY TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

NINETY YEARS ago a chewed-up, well traveled road meandered across the prairie northwesterly from Crow Lake to Waterbury, both in Dakota Territory. Those two towns accounted for the amazingly heavy traffic along the trail, because each was a thriving and promising community considering their remote locations.

Waterbury had a post office, two newspapers (*News* and *Herald*), a general store, tintype gallery, grocery, meat market, harness shop, two hotels (Waterbury House and The Michigan), a drugstore, two firms of attorneys, a flour and seed store, two implement distributors, a hardware store, two real estate firms, two shoe shops, a furniture store, two blacksmith shops, a wagon shop, two printing firms, two livery barns, a public hall, two church organizations (Methodist and Presbyterian)—and even a string band.

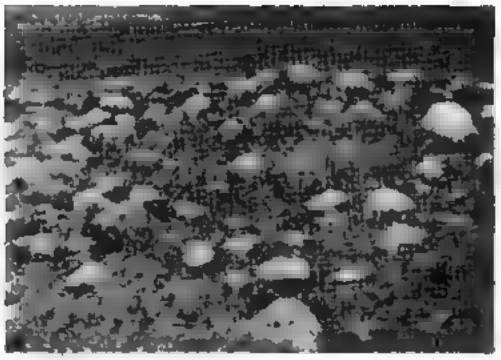
Crow Lake was holding its own at the southeasterly terminus of the road with Albert & Vessey's store, two groceries, a blacksmith shop, restaurant, and its own newspaper, *The Homesteader*—together with more than a few lofty hopes. Concerning the latter, the old Wessington Springs, D. T. *Herald* reported on January 2, 1885 that Crow Lake had been laid out on "the direct line between Chicago and Pierre, a route that will be the first and most profitable for any railroad to build. . . . Crow Lake bids fair to rival any town within a radius of many miles. The time is not far distant when it will be the metropolis of Jerauld County, and when the Territory of Dakota is once divided, its beautiful and central location will make it a formidable rival for the State Capital of South Dakota." Such were the prognostications of editor-publisher Bateman and McDonald.

Just when the lights began to dim in Waterbury and Crow Lake, there is none to say. However, our story doesn't concern itself with these two long-gone villages but rather with the road that connected them, and more specifically with an outriders' shanty which had been built in 1883 by ranchers Coombs and Harris at almost the halfway point and very close to the traveled way.

A small, sugar-loaf hill exists in the Northwest Quarter of Section 2, Logan Township, Jerauld County, South Dakota, easily distinguished because it rears its head above an otherwise broad level valley. For several years in the early '80s a 25-foot flagpole stood on the peak of this little hill, with a banner that became a landmark for passers-by. The pole was set in a pit, surrounded by a loose masonry wall, all constructed by a Mr. Reaser before the land was leased and later sold to Coombs and Harris.

At the foot of the 30-foot high sugar-loaf, on the southeast corner for protection against winter's vicious northwesters, Coombs and Harris built a shanty, 22 feet by 14 feet with a 7-foot ceiling, to house their hired hands. The structure was burrowed about halfway into the upward slope of the hill, with the front half being built with rough lumber. It contained but one room, sufficient to accommodate two men if those two were compatible. As it happened, such was not the case.

IT WAS early winter—on November 18, 1885—when probably the most gory fracas in Jerauld County history took place in that shanty on the Crow Lake-Waterbury Road. Ben L. Solomon and Peter Rohbe were occupying the cramped quarters, having been employed by Coombs and Harris who were rarely at the ranch. The very characters of Sol-



Today's evidence of the pit and dry masonry wall where the flagpole stood.

Reportedly the only picture still in existence showing Waterbury in the 1880s. Only faint traces remain of the houses and stores. The people are not identified.

omon and Rohbe afforded the catalyst for impending violence. They were both described as sullen, quick-tempered men whose penchants for brawling and immoderacy were known throughout the area.

On the fateful morning Solomon rose first, built a fire in the cookstove, then went out to feed the mules. A water spaniel—belonging to Harris according to a letter written by W. J. Williams of Waterbury to the Weasington Springs *Herald*—followed Solomon out, and returned with him about a half-hour later. At that time Rohbe was preparing breakfast.

While Solomon was removing his coat and hat, Rohbe suddenly became infuriated with the dog, screaming at it to get out and kicking it around the small room. As his temper rose, he picked up the animal by the scruff and began beating it with a length of firewood, continuing until the dog was unconscious and bleeding from both nose and mouth. Solomon remarked that there would be big trouble when Harris returned, and then—after examining the dog—said, "I think you've killed him."

At that remark Rohbe whirled toward Solomon with club raised, and shouted, "I'll kill you, too, you s-o-b!" The two men clinched near the table which stood against the east wall, and on which Rohbe had been cutting meat. Solomon managed to wrench the club away and throw it into a far corner of the room, whereupon Rohbe picked up the butcher knife and began slashing at Solomon's head.

Not until he felt the sudden, intense pain and saw his own ear lying on the floor did Solomon remember that Coombs' revolver had been entrusted to him and was, in fact, concealed under his pillow. Rushing to the bed, he brought out the gun, turned, and shot Rohbe in the arm. As the onslaught continued unabated he fired again, that shot striking Rohbe near the heart but still not slowing his advance or stopping the slashing of the knife. By then Solomon had been backed into a corner near the door. He fired his third and last shot only when the assailant was so close that his face was scorched as the bullet entered just under his left eye. It was definitely all over for Rohbe.

Ben Solomon dropped the revolver on

Crow Lake today has dwindled to half-a-dozen houses clustered around the country store.

Above: G. N. Price's Livery Barn at Waterbury, 1882. The people are not identified.

Below: The spring-fed watering trough, longest surviving landmark of Waterbury.

Below: Waterbury occupied land now owned by the Hutterian Brethren—the old town existed just north of this colony.

the floor, put on his coat, and walked out to the stable where he mounted a mule and headed toward Waterbury. His face and head were bleeding profusely, and there were numerous splashes of blood on his clothes.

Upon reaching Waterbury, Solomon gave himself up to Constable George Price. An inquest was conducted by Coroner O. E. Gaffin at the scene of the killing that very evening. Solomon was charged with murder and removed to the county jail in Wessington Springs.

The preliminary examination was held before Justice of the Peace Hackett, and the case placed on the docket for the March 1886 term of court. At that trial the jury was dismissed due to a technicality, and the matter bound over until July. In the interim, Ben's father, D. H. Solomon, a prominent attorney of Iowa, arrived in Wessington Springs and assumed direction of the defense. Through his efforts a change of venue was granted and the case was moved to Sanborn County.

The trial finally commenced in Woonsocket on June 21, 1887. By noon all twelve jurors had been seated, and Prosecutors Dillon and Preston had completed their opening remarks. Witnesses for the prosecution were Dr. J. C. Miller of Waterbury and Messrs. Gaffin, Jones, Price, Reigle and Slater.

A ripple of excitement swept through the courtroom that first day, created by Solomon's heated reaction to Dillon's remark, ". . . to which charge the prisoner pleads 'Not guilty.'"

Bringing his fist down hard upon the table, Solomon shouted, "And to which he now pleads 'Guilty!'" Ben's father quickly calmed him, and the trial continued.

On the second day prosecution witnesses included McDonald, Hackett, Gunderson, Jones, Eagan, Dunkel, Nelson, Goodrich, Brown, Sikes and Housner. Those testifying for the defense were Price, Coombs, Johnson, Adams,

Ross, Mrs. Nolan, the prisoner and his mother. On rebuttal the prosecution called Nelson, Gaffin, Reigle, Dr. Miller, Dr. Crane and Dr. Ross.

Both sides rested at 8:00 p.m. on the second day, and Dillon began his address for the prosecution. He was followed by T. H. Null for the defense, and court adjourned at 10:30 p.m.

Mr. Goodykoontz, an attorney who had been imported to assist the defense, consumed two and one-half hours with his final argument on the third trial day. He was followed by Mr. Preston, prosecutor, whereupon the jury retired to deliberate the case at 12:30 p.m.

A verdict of second-degree manslaughter was brought in by the jury on Friday, June 24, 1887, and the judge sentenced Solomon to two years hard labor at the state penitentiary. He was taken to Sioux Falls the following day. An interesting sidelight is the fact that, not being able to raise bail, the prisoner had already spent nineteen months behind bars at the time he began his prison term.

AND what of the principals in that bloody and bizarre event? Well, portions of the epilogue are factually recorded. Others must be relegated to that nebulous limbo we call legend.

Peter Rohbe was buried in an unmarked grave about a mile north of Waterbury, somewhere in Section 16 of Crow Township—most probably now a cornfield. His body was partially exhumed by ghouls at one time.

Coombs moved from Dakota to Arkansas, while Harris disappeared from the local scene and was never heard of again.

Ben Solomon served his entire two-year term, then returned to Iowa where he resumed his characteristic lifestyle until finally meeting death as violently as he had lived.

Today the dugout portion of the shanty which witnessed the brutal hand-to-hand battle so long ago is plainly evident at the southeasterly base of Reaser Hill, as it became known. So, too, are indications of the excavation that comprised the stable just west of the shanty.

On the uppermost point of the small hill a shallow concavity, surrounded by uniformly-sized rocks, marks the spot where Reaser dug the pit and laid a dry-stone wall to support his flagpole.

Records show that Reaser's lease to Coombs and Harris contained the proviso that they were to take nothing from the hill. It is assumed that he had reason to suspect that something of value lay beneath its surface, an understandable assumption as I brought away five pieces of tungsten ore from the rocks comprising the old wall.

Short stretches of the old Crow Lake-Waterbury road, very dim and grass-grown, are discernible in spots along the more sheltered terrain. The ancient tracks crossed the storied Nobles' Trail at a point about one and one-fourth miles northwest of Reaser's Hill.

So, that is the story of a bloody confrontation on the Crow Lake-Waterbury road, logged from brittle and age-yellowed pages of newspapers published in '85, '86 and '87, together with the letter written by W. J. Williams of Waterbury on the day of the tragedy.

A Spoil't Horse

(Continued from page 23)

and Doc agreed to take him and wipe the bill clean. About $35, best I can remember.

Two or three days later Dr. Jordan drove up early one morning and brought the man who was farming his place up at Fred to get the horse. Me and Dave both told the man we didn't think he could ride the dun but he said he didn't think he'd have any trouble he couldn't handle. Dave tried one more time and told him if he'd leave in a lope and keep him at it for eight or ten miles he might make it all right, but the feller let us know quick he'd do it his way and we wasn't to worry.

ME and Dave was going up that way cow-hunting and we rode along with him to Mayhaw Creek. We hadn't rode a hundred yards after we quit him before we heard him holler and looked back and he was on the ground and the dun was gone with another saddle.

When we got to him and seen he was all right we put the dogs after the dun. They only went about a quarter before they went to baying him. He'd got the bridle reins tangled up in some brush and was just standing when we got there. Dave got down and got him loose and rode him back to where the feller was waiting. He'd decided by that time that maybe we was right about the dun and he rode Dave's horse back to the house. Dave went on with me on the dun. When we come in later on the man had got word to Dr. Jordan and Doc was there to take him and his saddle to the train.

Dr. Jordan told me and Dave he'd pay $5 to have the horse rode to Fred and buy whoever took him a train ticket back to Hull.

Me and Dave had too much to do to lose a day but my sister Vivian's boy, Weldon Doucette, was staying with us, he was about sixteen or seventeen at the time, and I asked him if he'd take the job.

"Hell, yes," he says. "I'll ride him to Fred and eat him after I get there for $5."

Dave and me helped Weldon get ready the next morning and he left about good daylight at a long lope. Weldon said later he pulled down to a good trot for a little ways two or three times but kept at a lope mostly until he got to Saratoga. After that he felt like he'd took the edge off the dun and just kept him at a good steady trot and didn't have a bit of trouble with him.

It's maybe forty miles straight through from Hull to Fred but it was probably nearer fifty the way he went. Told us after he got back that when he crossed Mayhaw and hit Batson Prairie he turned and went straight to Saratoga, from there to Honey Island, Honey Island to Village Mills and then straight east into Fred. He wasn't following where the highway is now, of course. The woods was more open then and there was wagon roads nearly direct from one town to the next that he followed.

Weldon said when he got to the depot at Fred where he was supposed to meet Dr. Jordan's farmer he was driving the dun like a plow horse. The dun had give out two or three miles out of Fred and Weldon used his rope for lines and got behind him with a switch and drove him on in.

Weldon said he just had time to buy his ticket and throw his saddle on the train when it pulled out at 7:00 o'clock. He was back at Hull by midnight.

I don't know what kind of a horse the dun finally made, probably average as a work horse since he wasn't spoil't to it and had too much sense to take to the woods dragging a plow, but I bet as a riding animal he never got broke from his saddle stealing.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

like to see a book with plenty of your stories." Reagan received the letter a short time before Dobie died. *Rocky's Chuck Wagon Stories* (Naylor, $4.95) is the result and it provides a big batch of entertainment. Reagan's stories depict some of his own experiences plus choice yarns with western flavor on cowboy courting, chasing wild horses, roping and tying brush cattle, searching for treasure and other objects. Long in demand by Boy Scout and church groups, Reagan has enthralled children, grandchildren, young and old. Fortunately, the warmth, humor and suspense comes through the writing just as in the telling—Frank would have liked this one.

"First Class House—Livery in Connection"

(Continued from page 20)

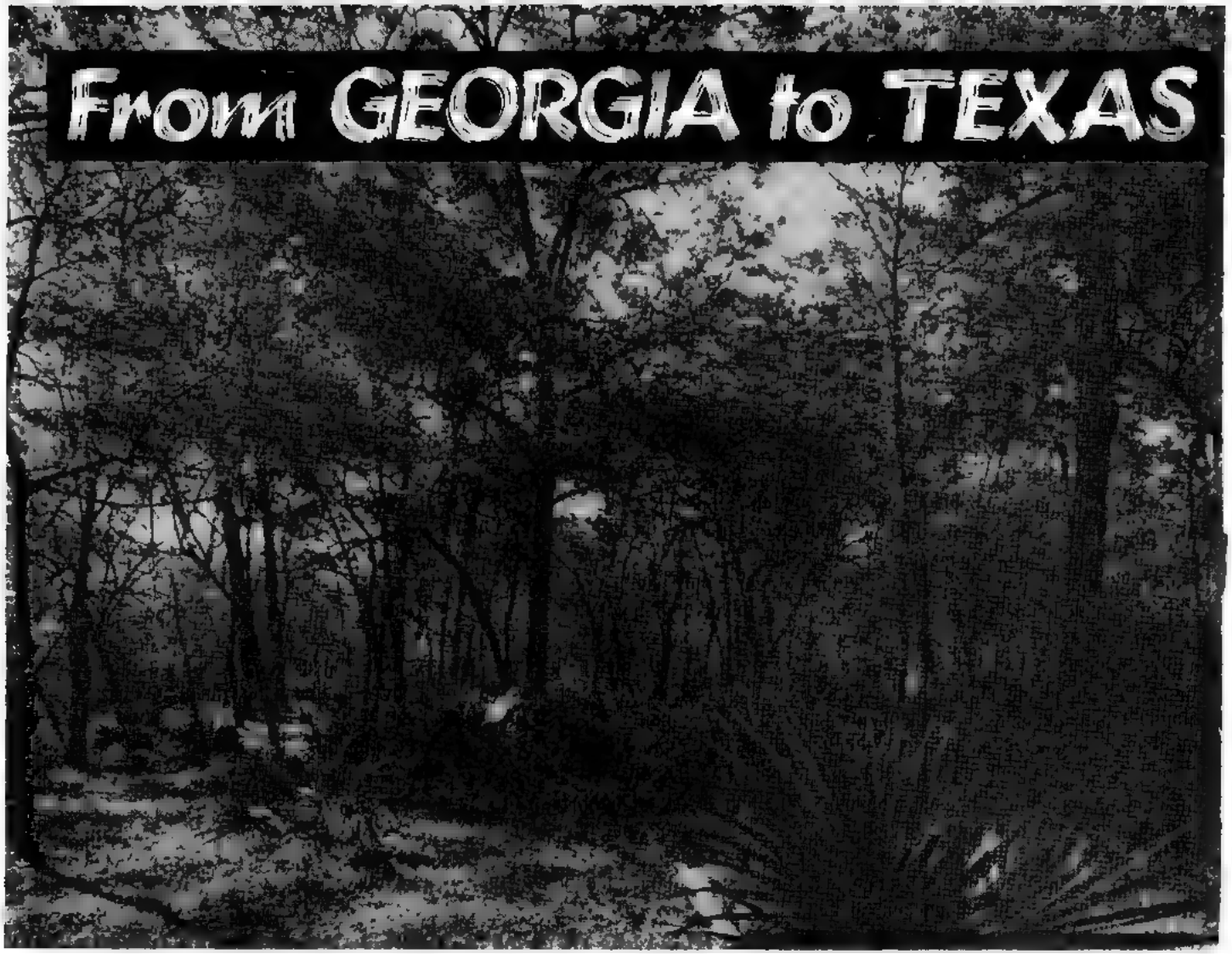
sette's life in favor of Frankie. Since Mrs. Poinsette died before the first premium fell due, the tenor of the trial took a very mercenary turn.

The prosecution claimed Frankie killed her mother for the insurance. The defense held that the insurance company was trying to get out of paying a just claim. Vicious charges flew back and forth. Frankie's love affair with a clerk in her former husband's office, Harvey Loveland, was much publicized yet she and A. A. Hurd appeared amicable after their divorce. After a jury declared Frankie guilty of murder in the first degree, the case was appealed under the direction of A. A. Hurd and the legal staff of the Santa Fe Railroad. Frankie was acquitted and she and Harvey Loveland went on down the tracks to operate an obscure little hotel in an obscure little town.

The old ledger and register stored away in a basement add their own distinct blocks to the jigsaw picture of frontier life. One only regrets that the stories behind each signature are not known.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From GEORGIA to TEXAS



—early times in the Big Thicket, a unique corner of the West which may not last out this generation

BY MARTHA SHAW
as told to
ELBERT L. SHAW

Author's note: I remember my grandmother as a quiet and serious old woman, big framed, tall and straight, with strong body and spirit. She always found great pleasure in helping someone in need. She was always ready and anxious to do something to better the community in which she lived. The last years of her life she lived with relatives.

My grandfather died a few years after they settled in Texas, leaving her to raise a family in the Big Thicket of Hardin County, near the village of Saratoga. She remembered seeing John Wesley Hardin when he stayed for a while with relatives in Hardin County soon after killing his first man in joining Polk County. Wes Hardin later became one of the most notorious and deadly of the many gunmen that shot their way across the old West. He probably killed as many men as the other five most noted gunslingers put together.

Grandmother did a lot of reading. She was fond of adventure stories so long as they had a flavor of fact and truth. In her old age she became blind and could read no more. When a young boy I spent many hours reading to her. I am proud to say that I was one of her well-liked grandsons. Many times I brought her purse when she wanted a chew of Brown Mule tobacco.

I listened to her tell of her many experiences as together we shelled green peas brought from the field. I remember how the tears came to her eyes when she talked of the lost, unmarked grave of her sister who was buried somewhere along the trail between Georgia and Texas.

She died in the year 1923 at the age of eighty-eight. After all these years I am now attempting to put in writing some of the things that happened during her young days.—E. L. S., 1959.

I WAS born in the State of Georgia in 1835. I married when I was seventeen; my husband, Richard, was nineteen. Soon after we married we heard about the new territory called Texas. Travelers and traders who stopped at the general store said the climate was ideal and the fertile soil grew great crops of grain, vegetables and fruit and furnished good grazing for stock raising.

My oldest sister, Francis, and her husband, Andrew, decided to go to Texas. They had two fine children. The girl, Elizabeth, was nine; the boy, Billy, was seven. Andrew campaigned through the communities organizing an expedition. He knew that traveling in a strong force was the only way to make the journey successful.

As the days passed, more and more families joined the expedition, their big covered wagons lining up with the caravans being outfitted near the general store.

Finally my husband and I decided to go. I remember those hurry-scurry days of preparation. We were in high spirits as we bought equipment and supplies. We gathered seeds from the fields and selected four good laying hens and a strong-blooded rooster to take with us. And I remember the day of departure after a night of gaiety and rollicking. The

Photos left and below, Courtesy Texas Department of Highways, Austin

Left and above: Tangled growth typical of the Big Thicket in early days.

lights burned all night in the community hall and the square dance went on until the break of day.

With many goodbyes and best wishes we climbed into the heavy wagons. As the sun rose in the east the long train started rolling westward.

For a while after leaving the home village we were quiet and sober. There was no sound except the rattle and bump of the heavy wagons. My husband smiled at me when he saw me wiping my eyes. Then we heard voices rise above the noise of the wagons as men and women began to sing old songs of the trail. We smiled at each other and looked ahead. The long train of wagons zigzagged like a rail fence then finally straightened out toward the west. We were on our way.

Andrew spent most of his time riding up and down the train to make sure everything was all right. Sometimes he acted as mailman and messenger as well as wagon boss. He even delivered articles from one wagon to another as neighbors borrowed small items from each other. He had a friendly greeting and a word of cheer for every one. We soon got into the habit of listening for the sound of his galloping horse as he came from the rear and passed our wagon. Sometimes he would reach out and scrape the wagon sheet and bump the bow as he passed. As we waved to him he would look back and yell, "The sun is coming up behind us—look toward the west."

Hardly a day passed without some sort of trouble—a broken down wagon, a sick steer or a stubborn mule. The head wagons usually got through the marshes and sloughs without trouble. But each heavy wagon plowed the muck deeper, and the tail end of the train most always had trouble getting through bad places. Sometimes several wagons would get bogged and need help. Experienced teamsters said ox teams were more dependable than mule teams. Even though the oxen were slow, they never gave up when they came to a hard pull.

Part of the way we had a good trail and the going was easy but when we left the beaten path and cut off through the wilderness it was rough as a Georgia corncob. Two of our scouts were professionals and well experienced. It was talked around that they had been as far west as San Antonio. The third scout was another of Andrew's brothers who acted as runner between the head scouts and the wagontrain.

Left: Site of the Old Blockhouse Church west of Many, Louisiana near the Sabine River crossing and hard to locate. Right: Ruins of Fort Jesup, long before any restoration, east of Many on El Camino Real from Nachitoches, Louisiana into Texas.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I LEARNED that the system used by the scouts to mark the route was to blaze trees at intervals. When the country we traversed was prairie they hung strips of white cloth on weeds of any existing bushes or brush. But when the head driver saw a red strip of cloth he stopped immediately.

Sometimes we sat for hours, sweating and fighting mosquitoes and struggling with the mules to keep them from crawling out of their harness. Finally Andrew's brother would return on a sweat-lathered horse and he and Andrew would talk for a long time, pointing and gesturing in different directions. Then the scout would ride away and the lead wagon would start moving. The train would follow the lead wagon's tracks as Andrew waved and shouted.

We crossed Lake Pontchartrain by ferry. It took several days to ferry all the teams, loose stock and wagons. When we were all together again we had prayer meeting then broke camp and headed west once more.

On the banks of the Mississippi River we pitched a makeshift hospital (we were hauling ten very sick people). Every day more people came down with serious digestive disorders. To make matters worse a north wind swept down the river and cold rain started falling. For several days we did not see the sun. The men who were not sick worked eight-hour shifts in the rain, cutting large cottonwood trees to build a huge raft to ferry us across the river.

Two of the patients, an old man and a young girl, continued to grow worse. Late the third day after the sickness struck, the old man and the girl both died. We buried them at night on the highest ground we could find.

The raft was finished and we started crossing the river. Making the sick people as comfortable as possible we started moving west again. The sickness was now diagnosed as cholera. Fear of cholera epidemic caused near panic. Several of the families were frantic and threatened to drop out of the train.

Andrew called a special meeting. In his sincere, determined way he explained his responsibility as wagon master and made it clear that the only chance for survival was to stay together and work together. He then gave everyone an opportunity to say his or her piece. The meeting lasted an hour. When we started rolling again we were a well-organized township on wheels.

The next day the dread disease claimed another life—the mother of a young baby born on the ferry crossing Lake Pontchartrain. Precautions were taken to keep the epidemic from spreading. The sick ones improved and were soon well again. We were thankful and our outlook on life became brighter.

We passed through a small settlement populated with dark people who spoke a French dialect. That night we camped beneath big spreading live oak trees on a ridge between a small lake and a large bayou. Shortly before daybreak we heard a disturbance among the stock and discovered that four good mules were missing. When it was light enough to follow the thieves' trail through the brush, Andrew and several men rode down the bayou in an attempt to recover the stolen stock. They were gone most of the day but did not find hide nor hair of the mules.

While we waited for the men to return, some of the party spent the time fishing. My little niece and nephew, Elizabeth and Billie, got their tackle and hurried away to the banks of the bayou.

Fate again cast darts of misfortune along our course. We were busy with our chores when Elizabeth came running into camp calling, "Mother! Mother! Something is wrong with Billie! He just sits there crying! I can't get him to get up!"

Francis and one of the men rushed to the bayou and found little Billie writhing in pain. The man saw a large cottonmouth moccasin crawling around a cypress tree. He quickly killed the snake then drew his sharp knife and cut a criss-cross on the purple imprints where the fangs had pierced the child's leg, which had already begun to swell. After squeezing out all the blood he could, he ripped open the snake's belly and slapped the warm carcass on the wound and bound it tightly with strips torn from a handkerchief.

It was a frightening sight for some of us when we saw Francis hurrying toward us carrying the screaming boy, with a huge snake, dripping blood, dangling from his leg.

Every known remedy was used to save the little boy's life, but he grew steadily weaker and dropped into a coma as the deadly poison seeped through his body. Then toward midnight he revived a little and by morning he was much better. Making him as comfortable as possible on the big featherbed in back of the wagon we broke camp and started moving again.

A few nights later several of us were gathered around the fire cooking cornpone in heavy iron Dutch ovens. A volley of pistol shots rang out behind the wagon nearest me. A woman screamed, then two more shots resounded. I saw a man with a pistol in his hand stagger around the wagon and fall on his face. Several men gathered around and someone spread a blanket over the man on the ground.

Andrew called a hearing. Twelve men were picked to serve as jurors. It was proved that the man had killed in self-defense and the case was dismissed.

The following Saturday we pitched camp early to permit some of the men to go hunting. We made it a custom to make Sunday dinners a little above the everyday rations. We had plenty of venison roast and, among other things, wild turkey stew.

Before the meal was ready Francis became sick. She was unable to eat anything. Before nightfall she had to go to bed. Francis was desperately ill. We stayed by her side all night and did all we could for her but before the sun rose in the east she died. Cholera had struck again.

It was hard for me to realize what had happened. My own sister dead out there in the wilderness many miles from civilization. The dark jungle seemed to close in on me as I watched her body lowered into a hurriedly dug grave.

Andrew's grief was great, I know, but he restrained his emotions like the gallant man he was. He directed the cutting of heavy poles to be used to build a pen around the grave to keep varmints away for a while. When all was finished to his satisfaction he held Elizabeth and Billie by the hand as they took a last look, then led them slowly to their wagon.

As our wagons rolled away I looked back through the darkness of the jungle until I could no longer see the crude pole pen under the tangled mass of moss-covered live oak trees. I have often wished I could see that grave again before I die. I would be willing to travel many miles if I only knew which way to go.

WHEN we reached the Texas border the Sabine River was at high-flood stage. We had to wait several days for the waters to subside enough for us to make the crossing.

We were thankful we had reached our destination but we were far from being the happy, carefree party that had left Georgia. We said goodbye to friends as the train began to break up. Some moved south to settle on the Gulf Coast. Others traveled north. Some kept moving toward the west.

My family, with several others, settled in what is known as the Big Thicket in Hardin County, Texas. We joined forces in building houses and clearing land. We had what we called log-rollings. While the men worked building houses the women prepared a big meal that was served outside on long tables. Sometimes we played games and had different kinds of entertainment. The men had contests to test their skill and strength.

Wild game was very plentiful. But varmints prowled the jungles and palmetto brakes that bordered our fields and often came out in the open, even in daytime. We heard wolves howl at night and sometime a panther scream.

It is generally believed that a panther will not attack a human being unless the cat is cornered or terribly hungry. Yet one of my neighbors had a fearful experience with a panther a few years after we settled in the Thicket.

A couple named Robert and Betty Jordan tended some farmland about two miles down the bayou from our house. They had two small children. One morning in the early part of winter, Robert hitched his team to the wagon and headed for town to get supplies. Betty and the children were left to spend the day and night and most of the following day alone at the cabin.

Heavy, low clouds made a solid mass overhead. The sun did not show all day. It was warm and still—one of those dark, dismal days so typical of winter in East Texas. Betty had plenty of work to keep her busy. They had butchered a large hog the day before.

The children played about the cabin as she went about her work. She finished taking care of the fresh meat. Then she started cooking out the fat. For hours she kept the fire going in the large fireplace with the stick-and-dirt chimney made of post oak clay mixed with moss

(Continued on page 52)

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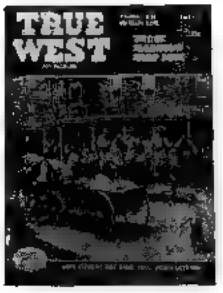

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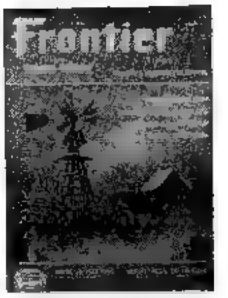

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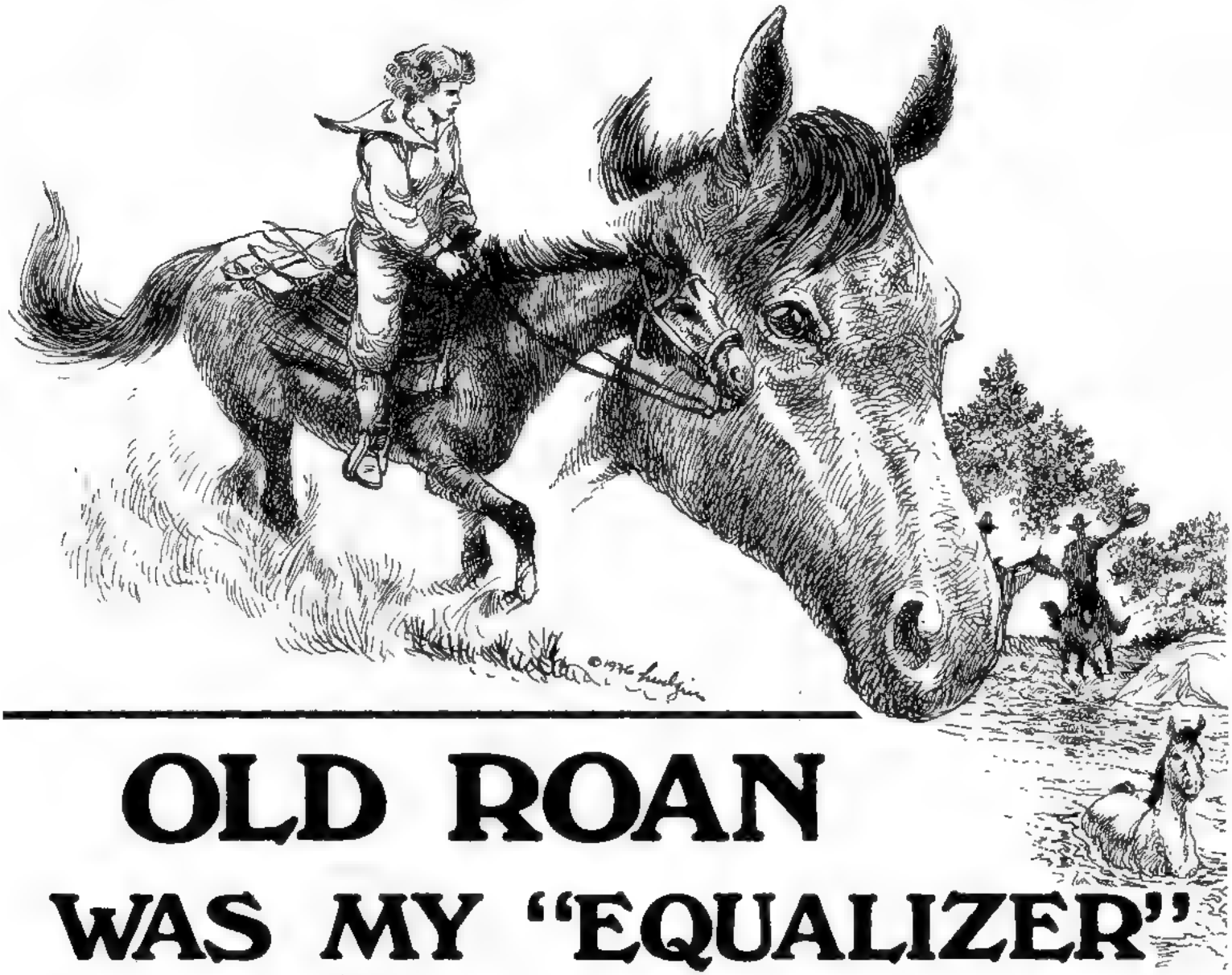


OLD ROAN WAS MY "EQUALIZER"

Four men—all strangers, all mean, and all drunk—surround some kids and their chaperone on the Gunnison River

BY FLORENCE McCARTY

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustration by Paul Hudgins

Left: The author, taken the year of the picnic.

IT WAS over fifty years ago, when I was twenty, that I first understood the terror one can feel and the courage one can muster under certain circumstances. Or maybe I was more angry than terrified—no matter. But it helped that day to have a good horse and I had one.

I had recently graduated from a business college in Western Colorado and was hired to work in a bank in a small town nearby. I roomed and boarded where the teachers did, and since my landlady had a daughter who was a senior in high school I came to know most of the graduating class. Eventually I was permitted to chaperone high school picnics and parties. Being young, I enjoyed the social affairs as much as did the kids, but this was long ago and the young people dignified me by using "Miss" in front of my last name, and they always complied with any request I made.

Toward the end of May 1923, I was asked to chaperone a group of eight boys and nine girls on their last school-year picnic. Our destination was the Gunnison River, quite a few miles from town, beyond ranch country, through unbroken sagebrush land. That morning, we all gathered at the schoolhouse, girls wearing middies and knickers and durable warm clothes. The boys mostly wore Levi's, though some sported chaps, too, and big hats. Every saddlebag was packed with good things for lunch.

I had arranged to rent a horse from the local livery stable. As I joined the others at the school, Bill, a tall handsome boy who was one of my favorites, remarked, "Whew! You've got Old Roan!"

"Are you going to ride him?" asked another.

"Of course. What's wrong with him?" I looked down at my brown, beige and white speckled steed with surprise.

"He thinks he's a race horse."

"I'll tell him he isn't. I don't intend to race him."

"Does he know that?"

Up until then, I hadn't thought much about my horse, for my experience in riding had mostly involved some tame old farm plug.

"They say he bucks," said someone.

I noticed Roan's ears were up and his big brown eyes were shining. I could remember that Roan always seemed to be standing in the livery stable yard alone. Perhaps he wasn't hired very often. That day too he had been the only horse available. By that time I was getting frightened and didn't know what to do.

Bill said, "If he starts giving trouble, or if you're afraid, you can have Blackie and I'll take Roan."

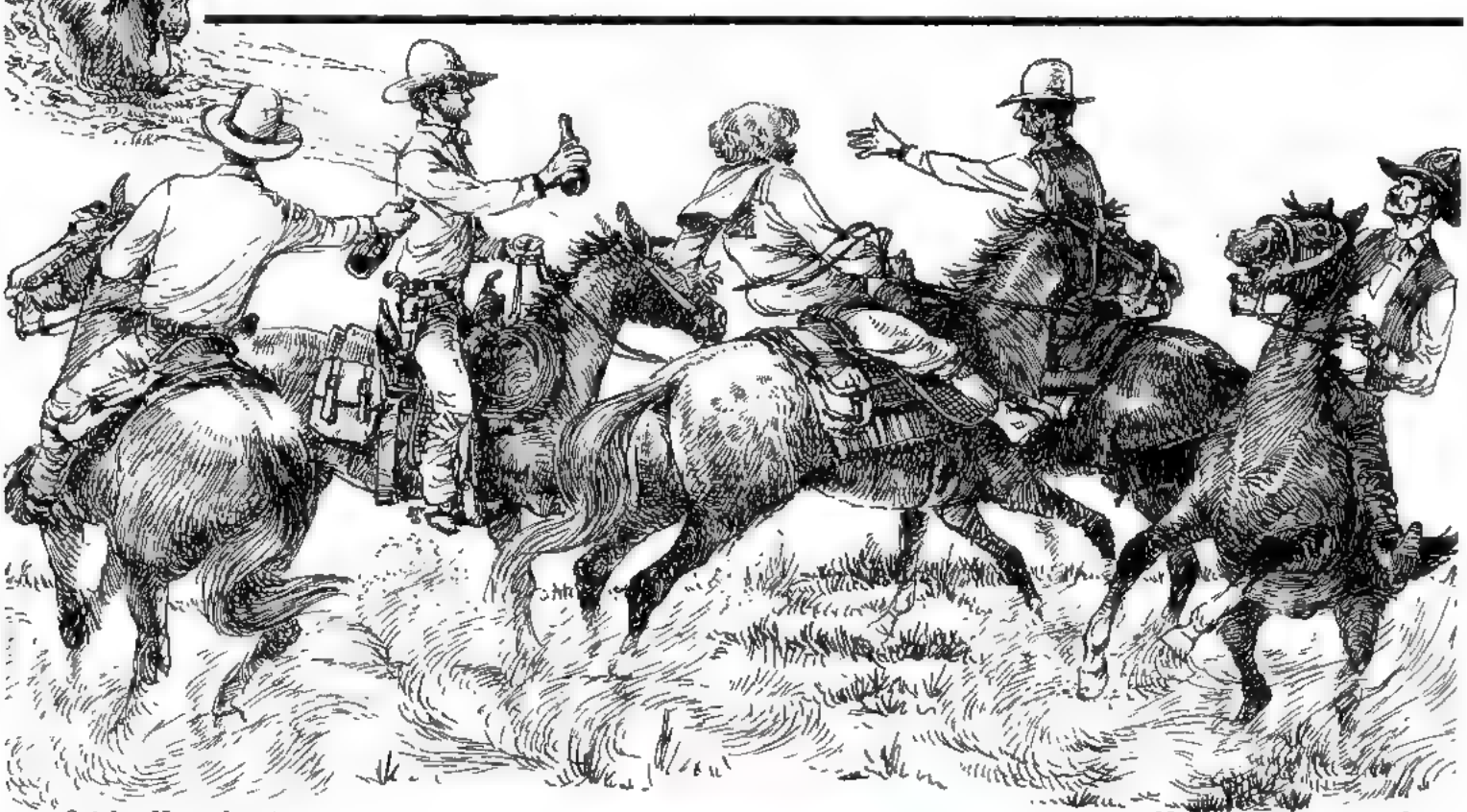
I gulped a time or two and nodded to the group that we were ready to start. We proceeded down the road to the edge of town and the quarter-section line where we turned east on a crude wagon road toward the Gunnison River miles away.

It was a glorious day. Everyone was in high spirits, including me as my horse was behaving just fine. The kids who were going steady were riding in twos. Others were in small groups or scattered, and all were going at a fast walk. There was a whole wonderful day ahead of us.

I was at the back of them all, a good hundred feet, because I wanted to avoid the dust. But it did little good, even that far back, so I decided to hurry up and ride with a couple ahead. Another rider decided to join us, whirling around behind and coming up beside me on the left. Then he changed his mind and decided to go ahead a bit more. As he passed us, Roan's ears peaked up. Here was a race! I think he jumped about five feet on all fours and came down with a thud that almost unseated me. He started in a fast gallop, passed the rider who had passed us and kept on going. I held to the saddle horn with one hand and pulled on the reins with the other and yelled "whoa"—but he wouldn't whoa. I soon had both hands on the saddle horn, the reins beneath them, and was holding on for dear life.

We passed everybody. The boys and girls were aware by then that Roan was either racing or running away. We left them all in a swirl of dust. Ahead I could see that the crude road had become only a trail. The boys were yelling at one another, "We've got to catch that horse!"

It was like a stampede, horses' hoofs



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pounding under me and behind me and kids yelling. The faster the boys rode, the faster Roan went. He had his mouth open and his ears back. I was bouncing around all over the saddle, but managed to keep my feet in the stirrups.

After a few minutes the hoofs behind me began to fade and I felt quite alone and abandoned; but then I decided the boys had given up, perhaps thinking if Roan had no other horses to race he might stop of his own volition. For a few minutes more he and I flew through the air, and I mean "flew." Sometimes I almost left the saddle. We were on a very poor trail with sagebrush and other desert growth crowding us.

At last Roan began slowing, went into a trot, then a walk, then a very slow walk, then stopped, turned his head and glanced back casually. It seemed to me there was a victorious look in his shining eyes.

I turned him around to face the oncoming riders several hundred yards behind in the dust. He stood quietly, resting and waiting. I was not angry with him at all. I realized his only fault *was* wanting to be a race horse. He just couldn't bear to have another rider go ahead of him. Maybe at one time in his past he had been trained for racing.

When the others caught up, we had a discussion.

"This settles it. I'll take Roan and you take Blackie," said Bill.

"No, Bill. I understand Roan now. If you'll just let me stay ahead of the rest of you, he and I will get along fine."

"All right. Now everybody remember that. Roan stays ahead. Don't anyone try to pass him." Bill laid down the law.

We resumed our ride with Roan and me leading—mile after mile, mostly at a fast walk.

In May the rivers are high. When we reached the Gunnison, we saw it had split and made an island several hundred feet long and from fifty to one hundred feet wide. The island was dry and had grass and trees and we were impressed at the picnic possibilities, so we forded a shallow area of the new forked portion to get to it.

We dismounted (feeling about two feet tall after our high rides), stretched our arms and legs, and walked around appraising the site.

The boys unsaddled the horses and picketed them at the south end of the island in a grove of trees with a good stand of grass. The girls were busy getting out the lunch and setting it up on a flat area. A fire was built, more for fun than cooking, though we did make coffee.

LAUGHING, joking, taking good-natured digs at one another, we had just finished eating when suddenly a blood-curdling yell came from the vicinity of the horses. The animals snorted and neighed. We saw four disreputable-looking men on horseback driving our horses from the grove back across the ford to the mainland. They had silently untied them when we had been absorbed with lunch.

The boys jumped up and started toward the men and horses but by the time they got halfway there, the riders and all the horses were entering the ford. The men, dirty and unshaven, were wearing holsters and cartridge belts. When our horses had been driven across, the men yelled and chased them in all directions, up draws and over hills, then they, too, disappeared.

The boys decided to take all of the bridles and two saddles and wade the waist-high water back to shore, hoping to catch one or more horses and with them round up the others. It looked like a tough job. Most of the boys were accustomed to horses and hard work, however, and went about the job courageously. Too, the horses were their own and might not be very hard to catch. But Roan—he didn't know anybody but me. He might take advantage of this freedom and prefer it to livery stable life, and I'd be left afoot! The girls and I packed up the lunch and awaited developments, watching the boys wandering around with their bridles.

Suddenly the four men appeared again, riding furiously toward the boys with lassos, trying to rope them. They had revolvers and shot in the air and at the boys' feet. They screamed profanities. They took bottles of liquor from their pockets and waved them about between drinks.

We girls huddled together on the island. Fording was dangerous in water so muddy one could not see the deep holes; besides we didn't want to attract the men's attention.

As yet we had no idea what the men were planning. Was it a prank? They seemed more of a criminal type than fellows who went in for pranks. Did they want the horses? If so, why didn't they keep on driving them away? By now the horses had wandered together in a little draw.

Bill's horse Blackie had been raised from a colt. He would come to Bill at a whistle. Pretty soon, in spite of the yelling and shooting, Bill had Blackie in hand and slipped the bridle on him. Bill jumped on his back and caught another horse and brought it to Jim to bridle and saddle. Bill then saddled Blackie. The two of them got all the horses caught and bridled, even Roan, and brought them to the island.

Soon everyone was mounted and off the island. The four men had suddenly disappeared again.

"Who are they?" I asked the kids. They all shook their heads.

"I never saw them before."

"I've lived here all my life, gone on fall roundups and know most of the ranchers and punchers, but those fellows are strangers to me."

"Maybe they are bandits."

"I bet they are bootleggers with a still somewhere."

"What have they got against us?"

We started back toward the trail home, but our peace was short-lived. As we rounded a little hill, bedlam broke loose. The four men had been waiting there. They whipped up their horses and surrounded our closely-packed group, screaming and forcing their mounts to run as fast as possible toward us and rear up, their horses' hoofs barely missing our faces. They were yelling like wild Indians. Their profanity and vulgarisms were so embarrassing the girls and boys didn't even look at one another. They fired their revolvers at our horses' feet. They threatened to shoot the boys and kidnap the girls. As they yelled, they emptied their bottles and reached for more in their saddle bags. Two almost fell off their horses.

One of our boys said, "We've done nothing to you! Leave us alone!"

"We aren't interested in you," one fellow said, firing at the ground in front of his horse. "It's the girls we want."

We were all stopped in a little huddle. Our horses were nervous and champing at their bits. I felt terribly responsible and terribly inadequate.

"This is enough foolishnes," I said. "You are going to hurt someone."

"Listen to the lady," one man laughed. "You must be the boss!" He stopped his horse in front of Roan.

"I'm the chaperone. I'm in charge of these young people. I'm asking you to leave us alone. We've done no harm to you."

"Listen to her. Say, we got our prize right here. How about taking her?"

The four men on their horses encircled Roan and me. One stood his horse crosswise in front of Roan to block his path. One was behind him. One stood on each side. The two on the sides would back up a few feet, then ride forward quickly and rear their horses' hoofs almost into my face. The man laughed crazily, swore and kept threatening me.

The kids were now stopped in a little group a few feet down the trail toward home.

Roan was excited at being hemmed in— I was wondering what he would do. One of the boys had said he'd bucked a few times. I tried to nose him ahead and get the rider crosswise in front to move, but the man would not budge. He did, however, run out of whiskey, and in disgust threw his empty bottle as hard as he could on a rock and smashed it. The fellow alongside on my left reached in his saddle bag and brought forth another pint. "Here," he said and handed it toward the man in front of me. The fellow in front could not reach it and rode forward three feet.

Meanwhile, the rider beside me rode forward about three or four feet to hand over the bottle. In the process his horse's nose poked ahead of Roan's by several inches. Ahead was the opening the first man had made when he reached for the bottle. With the opening now, and his racing instinct in action, Roan's ears peaked. Two feet went suddenly forward and Roan and I were headed down the trail. Here was a race!

THE students down the trail, all watching, got the gist. They parted to give us room and Roan and I sailed through. As the kids fell in behind, some daring the tall sagebrush and wild grass hunks, we began racing at dead heat.

The drunken men were so taken by surprise, they just sat for about a minute. The man opening his new bottle took a drink. Others fired a few shots. We'll never know if they meant to hit us. Soon they were following as fast as they could and still stay on their horses. Everyone was going at top speed.

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With our head start and all the kids real horsemen (I wasn't a horseman, but all I had to do was hold on and Roan looked after the horsemanship) we kept ahead and we didn't slow down until we reached the first ranch. We were very glad to see that some people were there.

We slowed down a little to look back, and the four men were falling back. Even before we reached help we could see them riding back over the hills.

I had no trouble stopping Roan. He was always ahead and it was his decision when to stop. When we rode through the open gate, the race was over.

Those at the ranch could not recall any of the characters we mentioned. "Must have been strangers from outside," they said. And they wanted full descriptions so they would know the four if they ever met. Someone remarked, "They may be hiding out and all that drinking made them careless."

Back in town, we talked to some of the businessmen about our experience hoping to arouse some interest in trying to apprehend the strangers—but our story sounded greatly exaggerated in that quiet little place.

"I think they were just having fun with you," some people said. Others, I'm sure, believed we had made up the whole tale. "Things like that just don't happen these days," was the usual reaction.

Later—in that same town—people were to find out that such thing not only had happned but still did. It was not too long before the infamous Fleagle gang found refuge in the Colorado mountains.

We were all grateful to old Roan for our deliverance. Afterwards every time I passed the livery stable I looked for him inside the board fence. He had a warm place in my heart, and I always wished he could have been a race horse.

The Lost Soapmaker Mine

(Continued from page 11)

the headmen on the nearby reservation at Dome. Upon being told by the Indian that the dilapidated car had just stopped for no reason, George suspected it was because all the magneto coil gaps had been screwed shut, a common practice among Indians who drove Model T Fords. The coils made too much noise! George opened the gaps, twisted the crank and the motor started. The Papago was all smiles and thanked George profusely.

Several months passed. Then one morning that fall when he arrived at his office in City Hall, the tall, grave, old turbaned Papago was waiting at his door. Upon entering the office the Indian carefully closed the door and took out of his pocket a dirty cloth which he unrolled. Two pieces of rock dropped onto the desk. George said his eyes almost popped out of his head. One rock was about the size of a large egg, the other somewhat smaller, but both were rotten sugar quartz, laced with free gold and very heavy. The Indian, speaking fair English, told George the story.

When he was a young lad of about twelve summers, he said, he and a companion had roamed the desert on their ponies, and the Tinajas Altas area was a favorite because westbound parties from Mexico, although rather infrequent,

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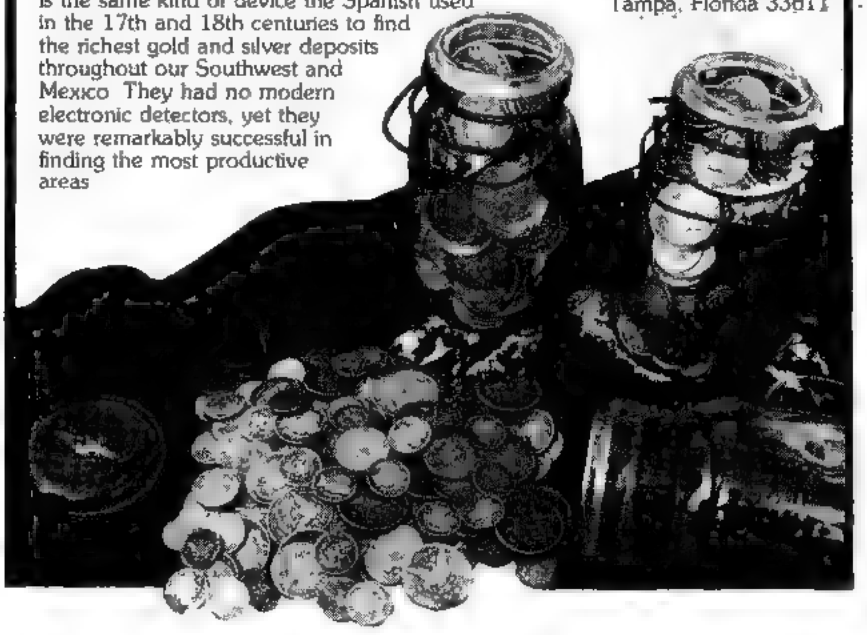

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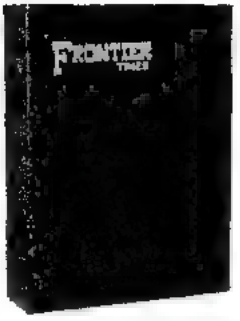

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Though these men are not principals in this story—as a matter of fact, they are unidentified—this photo taken in the '30s exemplifies the campfire camaraderie of patrolmen and ranchers along the lonesome Rio Grande.

From Picturesque

would invariably camp and rest there. The Indian lads had found that it was fairly easy to steal a couple of horses turned out to graze. They gained favor in the eyes of their elders in so doing, as the Papagos claimed that desert country as their own. Mexicans and whites and their possessions were fair game, most particularly the Mexicans as there was an age-old enmity between them and the Papagos.

So it happened that they observed the two Mexican guides-turned-miners, their camp, the arrastre they had built to rough grind their ore, and the hole they were digging in the butte. The boys correctly surmised it was gold the Mexicans were after.

The horses and mules of the miners were of primary importance to the young Indians but they also knew the value that white men in Yuma placed on gold. So they observed the miners periodically for months. When the ore bags were about full and the miners were about to return to Mexico with their high grade, the boys stole up the hill and shot them with bows and arrows. They then loosed the overburden uphill from the mine, which effectively buried the Mexicans as well as all trace of their diggings. The boys then loaded the horses with the leather ore bags and returned to their home in the Indian village.

The old Papago paused in his tale and George said he hardly dared breathe for fear the old man would pick up those beautiful rocks and leave. But presently he seemed to awaken from his reverie and continued. He explained that neither he nor his companion that day had ever returned to the mine. The spirits of the dead miners inhabited the place; it was taboo. Their escapade had been considered a great coup but tribal customs forbade a return to the site. However, he had never forgotten the place and now that he was old and George had done him such a good turn, he had decided to reveal its location. He did not pinpoint the site of the mine—this he seemed to avoid—but he had mentioned Tinajas Altas. It was a very large area as George well knew. Would George be interested in seeing the place?

Would he be interested? George told us he nearly had a heart attack just waiting for the old man to continue. He didn't want to appear too eager so he calmed himself and said he was, of course, interested. The Papago nodded then and told him the mine was a day's drive from Yuma.

The old Indian proposed that George have his pickup loaded with extra gas, oil, food and water for three days—one day to travel to the mine site, one day to locate the exact butte, and a day for the return. They settled on a date and agreed on an early start. The Papago was to meet George at his office in the Yuma City Hall. He left the ore samples on the desk, shook hands and departed.

GEORGE said he immediately took the samples to the assay office in Winterhaven, across the river from Yuma. When the report came in both samples assayed at $80,000 per ton! During the week's wait, George had trouble sleeping. He said he was haunted by dreams of wealth. He believed the Papago.

There was reason to believe him. It tied in with the Lost Soapmaker legend and we all knew some facts that seemed to corroborate the tale. For instance, several years before, Jack Doolittle, a famous Customs Border Patrolman who was exceptionally familiar with the El Camino del Diablo country from Sonoyta, Sonora west to the Colorado River, had found an ancient arrastre in the area between Tule Well and Tinajas Altas. He had told me about it on one of the cooperative patrols we often took through the rough, little known and hostile part of the Sonora Desert. He found evidence of the arrastre one day looking for sign of smuggling. It was nearly filled with desert rubble and only part of the neatly laid top row of flat rocks was visible. It was in a flat surrounded by conical buttes.

Jack had manually hauled out enough of the brush and debris to show the circular wall and it was unmistakably the wall of an arrastre. He hadn't time to do more but had made a mental note to return later for he felt that it could be the arrastre of the Lost Soapmaker.

That part of the desert east of the Gilas was subject at times, particularly in August, to fierce desert storms. Just one could fill an arroyo with a wall of water as high as a tall man's chin. During such storms many a man has vanished never to be seen again. Campers and amateur explorers, unused to the desert, often camped in an arroyo, seeking the shelter offered by overhanging palo verde, ironwood and mesquite trees. Desert rats made no such mistake, but the builders of the arrastre probably were not aware of the danger and had dug the hole where the digging was fairly easy, with flat stones for floor and walls close at hand.

Over the years the storms had nearly obliterated their handiwork and it was by merest chance that Jack had spotted it. And despite a number of attempts to find it again, he had failed. Others who learned of his find, many of them good desert men who knew the area, had tried, and also failed.

Jack had told me the arrastre was within a distance from Tinajas Altas that lightly hobbled horses could have wandered, and this gave credence to the Lost Soapmaker legend and most certainly to the old Papago's story.

Another bit of corroboration we all recognized was the description of the ore samples—"rotten sugar quartz"—for in that part of the desert free gold has often been found in pockets in just such quartz.

The three of us sitting there that evening had seen wire gold in such rock on more than one occasion. I, myself, had found two small pieces of sugar quartz float on the opposite side of the Gilas in an arroyo but the gold was minute in quantity and although a cursory search was made for the vein from which the pieces had broken, nothing was found. After all, I was not a miner, and my business on the desert was patrol, not prospecting.

WE were entranced by the tale and had difficulty restraining our curiosity but George was not to be hurried. At last he continued.

George said he was at his office early on the BIG DAY, with pickup serviced and provisioned. As he entered the silent City Hall, for it was long before the workday was to start, he noticed a youngish Indian, unturbaned but plainly Papago, standing just outside the building's entrance. He thought nothing of the man's presence as Indians were a common sight in Yuma.

George unlocked his office door and sat down to wait. Filled with anticipation and ready to go, he was, to use his words, "on needles and pins." But the old Papago never showed up. George waited all that day.

In the weeks following, he tried to locate the old Indian. He put the word out among Indian friends but no one admitted having seen the old man. He tried to locate the young Indian he had seen by the City Hall entrance that important morning, all to no avail. The old Papago

had disappeared, never to be seen again, alive or dead.

George said he always felt that the young Indian was a lookout, waiting to see if a meeting had actually been scheduled between George and the old one. One look at the pickup would clearly indicate it was ready for a desert trek.

George was convinced, he said, that somehow other tribal members had learned that the old Papago was about to divulge a closely guarded secret they didn't want divulged, and had done away with him.

As we sat and listened to this strange story, thinking of the various events and circumstances covering nearly a hundred years; of the evidence we had to accept and that had compelled us to believe that the legend of the Lost Soapmaker Mine was real and essentially correct; the subsequent discovery and the loss of the site of the arrastre—all these things combined to convince us that night that the mine was in the vicinity of our camp. We were close to Tinajas Altas, so it had to be!

From experience we knew only too well the deceptiveness of arroyo channels, of terrain which could be completely altered by just one storm, and how much alike one part of this vast, lonely and forbidding land can resemble another. It did not strain the imagination to understand the failure of so many searchers for the Lost Soapmaker.

It seems certain that no one has found it to this day, for no claims have been filed and, too, such a discovery would have made headlines. None has appeared.

Andale, Gringo!

(Continued from page 25)

and began making breakfast.

I'd known Amos Yeager since before he took over the management of Las Minas Nuevas. Eighteen years before, everybody but me had predicted that the mines would fail, but I wasn't so sure, for I had faith in Yeager. I liked the little fellow with the massive nose. He had told me candidly of his early struggles. He had been a "bound" boy. He'd run away and worked in a mine in Montana. Because it could operate only in the summer he'd spent the winters in San Francisco. He paid for a room and his meals six months in advance and gambled with what money he had left.

When he came to a realization of his folly he went to the other extreme. He saved five thousand dollars, but when he asked for a room at the Palace he had to show his bank book before they would permit him to register. He bought no clothes until he studied those of the men staying in the hotel. He observed their manners and speech. And he spent much time in the public library reading about mines and minerals.

A Mr. Cran from New York gave him a job as handyman in a mining project in Alaska. Yeager made himself useful and agreeable. Cran and his associates liked his stories and his sourdough biscuits. He was shrewd enough to make them ask for both.

Later he drifted to Mexico and began examining abandoned mines. He was convinced that Las Minas Nuevas was a bonanza in silver, but realized that a great deal of capital would be required for developing and operating it. He paid four thousand down and went to New York to raise more money. Mr. Cran received him cordially but said, "Amos. I sank a fortune in Alaska. If I put just one thin dime into every venture submitted to me I'd be broke. I'll give you the run of my office, though, for your headquarters. And I'll give you a sucker list."

Yeager drifted about and told stories. He wore well tailored western clothes, and he spoke the vernacular of the mines. But never once did he mention mines. Cran threw a big party and Amos made sonofagun stew and sourdough bread. He told stories to the guests, but not too many. He was entertained in many homes but declined more invitations than he accepted.

Then Amos got a lucky break. Cran collected on a debt he had written off, and turned over two thousand dollars to Amos. Within a week he had forty. Amos beat it to Sinaloa and began operations.

FROM the first the mine showed a profit. As dividends were paid more money came for shares of stock. Yeager built a picturesque guest house and entertained lavishly. The New Yorkers were fascinated with the profits, the beautiful scenery, and the hunting and liquor.

When the Revolution came, Yeager was determined to save the mine. He shipped all the Americans out before the first raid on the village, and was attempting his own escape when turned back at Navajoa.

I urged him to leave at once but he would not budge without his papers. It was impossible to carry all of them so he spent several days selecting and packing in leather bags those he felt must be preserved. During that time I went over his library and was both amused and touched to find that many of his books were, as he had said, those I had recommended to him.

Meanwhile Manuel scoured the country for another mule. He had not been paid for weeks, and without money could not buy one. Amos gave him a handful of "beakies," paper money issued by a rich Mexican called Bildenbique. It was accepted as legal tender all over northern Mexico. Manuel was so devoted to Amos Yeager that he refused to accept it; and he was soundly kicked by his employer. I wondered that a man could so treat a faithful servant who had been devoted to him for eighteen years. It was then that I first realized that Amos' nerves were on edge. When Manuel found each of us a mule and a guide, Amos apologized and explained to the *mozo* that he was to remain at the mine.

We waited for the dark of the moon to leave, then set out on foot, the Indian ahead, followed by Amos leading a mule laden with company records. I brought up the rear with blankets, clothing, and food packed on my mule.

There had been no rain for weeks at the mine, but in the high mountains we found a river in flood and had to turn back. Travel by night was slow and dangerous but we did not dare risk moving in daylight.

When we reached the mine early one morning we found Manuel at the door with a knife in his back. We could not find the key, could not enter, so had no choice but to attempt the trip again. We set out on the trail across the river and up the Continental Divide. Luckily we were able to ford the stream. Hiding by day and climbing by night we had almost reached the crest when I saw our Indian guide fall on his face. I instantly followed suit, but Amos just stood and stared at me. And the Revolutionists closed in on us.

Many of them were Indians who had worked for Amos. He spoke to them in their own dialect but they ignored him. When I looked for our guide he had faded as only an Indian can. I suspected that he had led us into a trap, but we never knew.

Before I could draw, four of them had grabbed my arms, and perhaps that was a good thing for me. They took my six-shooter and ammunition belts and began talking to Amos. They ordered us to undress and we obeyed. When they had every stitch of our clothing, including our boots, they ordered us to run. I started out over the cacti and stones, climbing. When I looked back Amos hadn't budged. I called to him to come on, for I expected that both of us would be shot any second.

When he started out hobbling over prickly pears he was a ludicrous figure. I've never heard anyone else laugh as those Indians did. They kept it up until we were out of hearing.

We pulled bark from trees and tied it to our feet with long blades of grass. The makeshift soles did not last long, and we were three days making the summit. We had no food but the tunas of the cacti and we suffered terribly at night from the cold. But when we got a glimpse of the railroad on the west slope we had enough strength to keep going until we reached it.

We started walking down the tracks toward a little village which Amos recognized by the peculiar structure of the water tower. In the dusk we crept toward it. The lower part had been boarded up, and we pulled a plank off and got inside. Next morning Amos called to a *peon* and he brought us some tortillas, and some cast off shirts and overalls.

As soon as we left our hiding place the police recognized the clothing and arrested us for entering the village naked, but upon finding that we had no money they released us. We struck out across country for the nearest village on the Gulf of California—Saltillo. It was not really a village; it was just a beach where boats stopped for salt. It took us two days to reach there.

OYSTERS attach themselves to the trunks of trees along the shore, and at low tide we gathered them. At first we were so hungry that we couldn't wait to cook them. Anyway, we had no matches. But raw, with salt, they were delicious. We bathed in the warm water and slept in the warm sand. And we felt that

(Continued on page 58)

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WYLACKIE JOHN'S LAST CAPER

When John died, the Devil lost a good errand boy!

BY KEN CORNISH

Photos Courtesy Author

Wylackie John D. Wathen

Courtesy Mendocino County Historical Society

NO ONE was much surprised when John D. (Wylackie John) Wathen, suspected of engineering numerous frontier killings, was shot to death in a face-off gunfight. Wylackie had been accused of just about every kind of skulduggery there was by the time his career ended abruptly in Gibson House one January day in 1888.

Wylackie has been described as "a man wholly without honor. . . entirely unscrupulous . . . a robber . . . murderer . . . arsonist . . poisoner . . . absolute genius for planning evil," by the old San Francisco *Call*. The paper printed this word-picture eight years after Wylackie lost in his gunfight with Clarence White. Clarence was the brother of Frankie White, a woman against whom Wylackie John had given perjured testimony to frame her in a divorce battle.

Wylackie was generally credited with being the enforcer for George E. White, Mendocino cattle king and Frankie's husband. It is probable that more than fifty men—many never identified—were mysteriously killed in the Round Valley-Long Ridge country between 1857 and 1888, and Wylackie and George White were frequently suspected of having something to do with the bushwhacking deaths.

A standard practice in land grabbing was to put a man on land which a homesteader had taken, to starve or scare him off. That failing, Wylackie reportedly would have the homesteader shot as soon as it could be done safely—that is, as soon as Wylackie John could provide an adequate alibi for the gunman.

Wylackie seemed to share the philosophy of George White in this respect. White would say that it was stupid for him to kill anybody because it could cost him everything he had and he could hire a man killed for $1,000. The attorney general of California was to say that White had only to intimate that he wanted a man eliminated and it would be done.

Sometimes, it was said, Wylackie wouldn't pay the reward but would instead hold knowledge of the crime over

the killer who would be required to do more chores for Wylackie John and George White.

The *Call* claimed that when Wylackie rustled sheep or cattle he would station other stock along the trail he was to use and by crossing and mixing the tracks make pursuit by the owner impossible. When he or George White contracted large debts the creditors sometimes died mysteriously. Wylackie was accused of imposing obligations on ranch hands to do illegal acts under the penalty of discharge or worse. Once a cowboy knuckled under, he was easier to manipulate.

John David Wathen was born in Vincennes, Indiana, although he sometimes claimed Kentucky as his native state when signing the register to vote. He was born January 5, 1833, and died January 2, 1888. The marker on his grave in the Covelo Cemetery was put there several years after his unexpected death and mistakenly gives the year of his death as 1889.

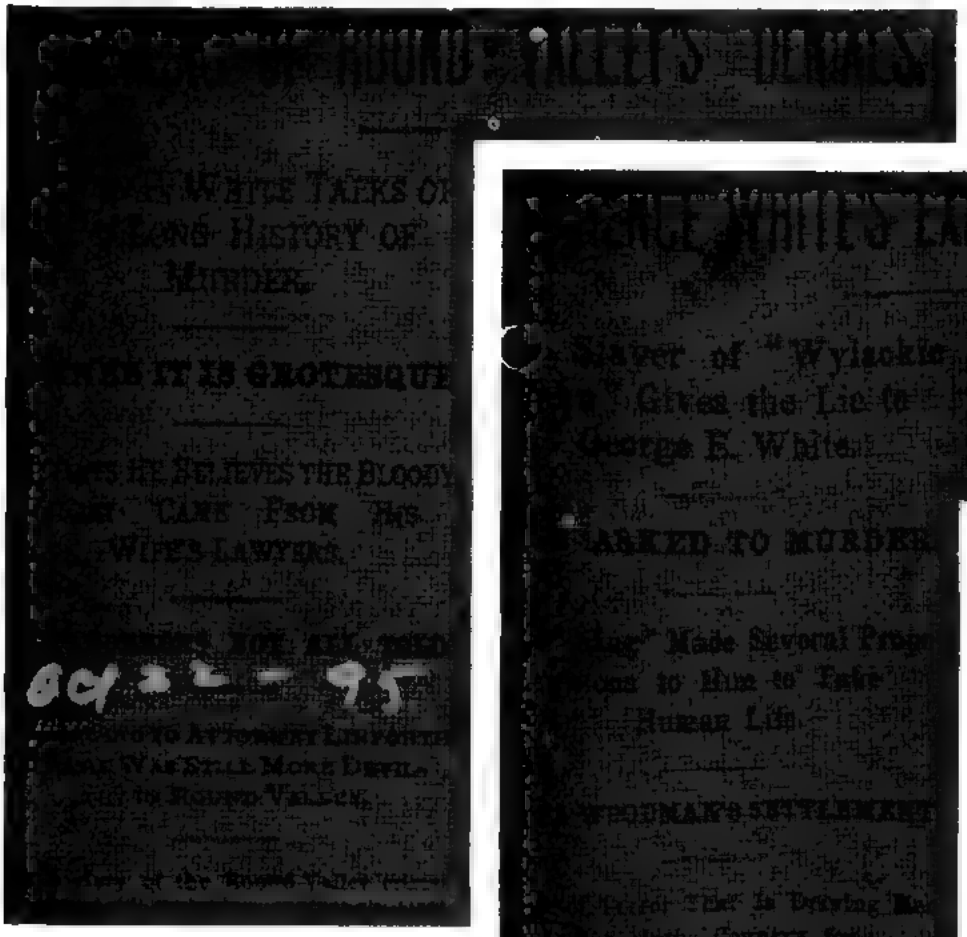
Courtesy Spiker Collection

Courtesy Mendocino County Historical Society

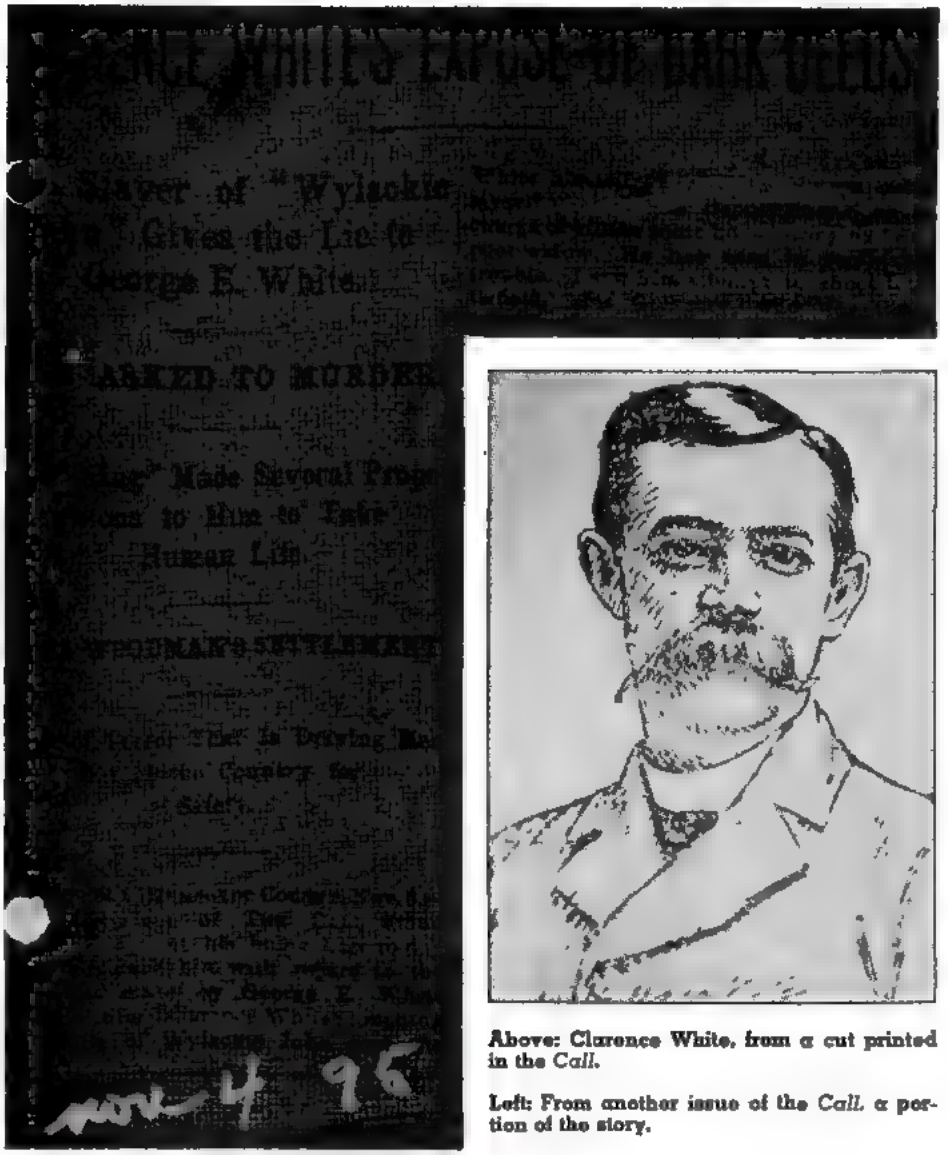
Above: Frankie White.

Above left: George Edward White.

Left: Part of the story from the San Francisco *Call*.



John Wathen was brought to the Indian reservation in Round Valley with a band of Wylackie Indians in 1856 or 1857 from Tehama County. The Indians called him Longhair and the settlers called him Wylackie John because he could speak the Indian tongue fluently. He was said to have been living with the Indians in hiding after killing a man in Sacramento Valley. Wylackie always displayed more respect for the law of the cottonwood limb than for the laws of man and God; and when he learned that there was no law to cramp the style of a clever and ambitious man in



Above: Clarence White, from a cut printed in the *Call*.

Left: From another issue of the *Call*, a portion of the story.

Mendocino County, he became a permanent citizen there.

His mother was typical of hundreds of others whose sons went West and failed to keep in touch. This notice appeared in the Shasta *Courier* September 16, 1854 at a time when Wylackie was in nearby Trinity County. The *Courier* was the only newspaper in the area and the notice most surely came to his attention, but a sister was to say forty years later that he did not respond to it.

"John D. Wathen would act more the part of a son than he has during the past three years were he to write to his sorrow-stricken and poor old mother, Rosella Wathen of Muscatine, Iowa. It may be that the poor fellow lies peacefully slumbering beneath the clods. If, however, he is still living, he should write at once to his aged mother, lest his further neglect should hasten her gray hairs to a sorrowing grave. She is now living in great poverty. Alas, how many young men are there in the mines now wasting their substance at the bar and the gambling tables who, like John D. Wathen, have mothers living in poverty. Any information about Mr. Wathen's whereabouts may be communicated to the *Sierra Citizen*, Downieville."

WYLACKIE JOHN had long, flowing blond hair, a Wylackie squaw and a young son when he was brought in with the Indian band. One legend persists that he had been raised by the Indians but that is not true. He had been in and out of Round Valley many times, sometimes in the employ of the government, before he was brought in with the Wylackie Indians.

He was of medium build, courteous, suave. He had no small vices—that is, he did not smoke or chew tobacco—and drinking and gambling (principally betting on race horses) didn't control him.

When his first wife, Malissa Mills Wathen, left him he had married Ellen Elizabeth Anthony.

Fragments of a diary kept between 1884 and the time of his death show that he was a cautious and meticulous man. The diary contains such entries as: "At the races today . . . the little girl is improving in health . . . pleasant day after a white frost . . . Ellen, the babes, Flemie and myself go home . . . Clear cool day with foggy morning . . . I buy gray mare from Indian Alex for the cost of $42."

In the diary he wrote reminders of things to do and set down every expenditure whether for himself or for George E. White. He did most of White's important errands.

The *Call* gave an example of what it considered Wylackie's craftiness: A Round Valley rancher had a beautiful colt which matched one owned by George White. The rancher's colt disappeared and he thereafter saw the animal with White's horses on the Long Ridge range. He sued for the return of the colt and the hearing was held in Weaverville. The colt was tied to the hitching rack beside the courthouse during the morning session of court. White took the judge, jury and attorneys across the street to a saloon for refreshments at noon. While they were in the saloon Wylackie John removed the stolen colt and replaced it with White's colt. He then took the stolen colt and rode like hell for Long Ridge.

When the men returned to the courthouse, wiping their whiskers, White guided them to where the colt was tied. All could see that it carried White's brand. The jury found for White when the hearing reconvened.

A section of the boundary between Mendocino and Trinity Counties was in dispute for several years. This may explain why no satisfactory official investigation was made and why there was no complete explanation of the death of T. W. McPherson and his wife. The *Call* printed a version which contained many errors. The *Call* reported that Wylackie John had known McPherson and his wife in the Sacramento Valley and had induced them to invest $5,000 in a ranch near the Mendocino-Trinity border. He carried on with the woman for a time. He was then between marriages and often stayed nights in the McPherson home. He eventually tired of the woman and she became troublesome when he told her of his engagement to Ellen Anthony. The *Call* further claimed that Wylackie John induced Mrs. McPherson to give him a handwritten deed to the place to prevent her husband from getting it. Then Wylackie broke off with her and framed her. He did that by setting up a series of circumstances which pointed to Brady Tuttle as her lover. Tuttle was a top rider on the George White spread.

The *Call* claimed that McPherson became suspicious and came home and shot his wife to death and then took his rifle and went looking for Tuttle. Perhaps Mrs. McPherson had been infatuated with Wylackie John but prior to her death she had left her husband for Tuttle.

McPherson had taken the two children and moved to Healdsburg. The shooting occurred when he returned to Round Valley and Long Ridge, purportedly on a cattle-buying trip. He heard that his wife and Tuttle were living at the Paul Heryford sheep camp, and he went there in a final try at reconciliation. McPherson made a point of leaving his guns one hundred yards from the cabin before he went in. He was met by Mrs. Heryford and Jim Neaphus who told him his wife was in the kitchen.

Mrs. McPherson was indeed in the kitchen and waiting for him with a big Henry rifle raised. He swept the barrel aside, grabbed the gun from her and shot her three times, the last time as she lay dying on the floor. Then he turned to Neaphus in the doorway and said (according to Neaphus), "I will kill you too. Dead men tell no tales." Neaphus said he talked fast to save his own life.

The *Democratic Dispatch*, published in Ukiah, Mendocino county seat, stated that some sheepherders and shearers had formed a sort of posse to look for McPherson after he shot his wife and found him about 3 o'clock and shot him when he refused to surrender. The *Trinity Journal* said McPherson had gone to the corral where shearing was going on, looking for Tuttle.

The *Call* said the McPhersons were thrown under the ground and their children taken to the poorhouse. This was not true. One *Trinity Journal* story said the bodies of the McPhersons were thrown in their cabin and it was set on fire. The cabin did partially burn then or later. It was to become known as the McPherson cabin, the burnt cabin, and Wildcat Camp. Where the McPhersons were buried is not known.

Trinity County authorities took three members of the sheep-shearing crew in for a preliminary hearing. They were Jim Moore, Bill Sherwood and Spanish Louie. They were not held for trial.

Wylackie John, Brady Tuttle and Jim Neaphus were all equally valid suspects as the killer of McPherson.

Between the time Mrs. McPherson was shot that morning and the time McPherson was shot to death in the afternoon he wrote his will in the form of a letter to his brother, Kirk McPherson, in Healdsburg. The letter was later printed in the *Dispatch*; It was dated October 3:

"DEAR BROTHER: I killed my wife today and I expect to kill Brady Tuttle this evening. He and my wife have been living as man and wife. I went to see her today. She tried to shoot me. I took the gun away from her and shot her three times. I think this world is no more for me. I will kill myself as soon as I kill Tuttle. I want you to keep Charley and Birdy and take good care of them until they are grown up. I appoint you administrator and guardian without bond. There is $300 at Rea's store in Covelo of my money and G. E. White owes me $275. My horse is in the stable at Covelo and there are two colts in J. D. Wathen's charge and there is two horses that belong to my wife and also her clothing and watch and rings. Give to Birdy. And my watch give to Charley and my wife's saddle give to Birdy and my saddle to Charley. Come up right away. Don't tell anybody till you get back. Pay the $300 that we owe the bank out of the money at Rea's. The $200 we owe F. C. St. Clair, that you must pay with your money. There is no one to blame for this trouble but my wife, Tuttle and myself. Do the best you can for the children. They are good children. Tell the children good bye for me. Good bye to all my friends. No more, never. Good bye. Your kind and ever loving brother Thomas Welcome McPherson."

McPherson was forty years old when he died. He added a postscript to the letter:

"The place is sold now. My deeds are all at Bailache's; there is my deed, yours to me, Delaney's to me and Minerva's to me, Millers' to me and mine to Charley and Birdie."

It appears obvious that McPherson was unaware of the combination he was bucking. Wylackie John, Brady Tuttle and Jim Neaphus were first, last and always for George White—and White was for more land. It seems probable that the most accurate version of the tragedy is that after McPherson had shot his wife and written his will, he roared cursing up to the sheep corral yelling for Tuttle to come out, and somebody shot

him dead. The McPherson cabin was less than a quarter of a mile away.

Neither Wylackie John, Brady Tuttle, nor Jim Neaphus was seriously questioned about the shooting by authorities and each did the shooting from ambush according to accounts told afterward.

Wylackie John did admit that once he killed a man in self-defense. He was a partner with McPherson at the time and also a partner with George White in holdings in Long Ridge country. Wylackie was charged jointly with William Davis, a neighboring rancher. Davis sometimes tied his wife up when he left the ranch to keep her from running away.

The two men were not held for trial. The victim was Agustus (Gus) Packwood. Here again the *Call* had a version of the incident which was riddled with errors. Several Long Ridge ranchers, including Packwood, were together on the range when, according to the *Call*, "lots were drawn and Old Man Kendrick (a George White ranch foreman) shot Packwood in the back."

However, the sworn testimony of half a dozen eye-witnesses, including that of Wylackie John, indicated that Wylackie shot Packwood. C. L. Nuckols, one of the witnesses at the preliminary hearing, said the "wound was on the left side, a little back of the center, not exactly in the side. . . . It looked as though two or three of the balls [large shot with which the Wylackie weapon was loaded] had gone in that one wound. . . ." Packwood's ball and cap musket was found to be in working order the next day but Davis testified that Packwood had tried to shoot Wylackie first and Packwood's gun "just snapped."

Wylackie John and George White ended up in possession of the Packwood property. The *Call* said Packwood had driven off a settler by the name of Johnson and got possession of the ranch and stock for $1,000. Then, the *Call* story continued, Wylackie John got the property from Packwood for $70. The shooting came when Packwood became a nuisance by nagging for more money.

THE Wylackie diary shows love and concern for wife and children, but it also shows a fierce loyalty for White which often overrode his concern for his family and his own business. White loved litigation and often profited from it. Wylackie John spent much time away from his family, busy with details involving this litigation. He wrote bleak letters to his wife telling her how she and the children were missed but stressing the importance of his staying with George White. He wrote once that White, who suffered considerable sickness, had made his will and was leaving $100 each to Wylackie's four children.

Critics claimed that Wylackie invented the perjured testimony, assigned scripts to the witnesses, made them learn the scripts by heart and rewarded them after they testified in court. The rewards were based on the performance of the witnesses and the mood of George White at the moment.

Most of White's litigation was in San Francisco courts. Wylackie would shepherd witnesses aboard stages or trains and get them to the city, locate them in hotel rooms, drill them intensively on what they were to swear in court and keep them out of bars so they would perform flawlessly. As a rule the better off or more important Round Valley people stayed at the Russ House when in San Francisco. Economic and other considertions usually put Wylackie John and his stable of potential witnesses at the Ahlborn House during court sessions. No one could come or go during rehearsals.

When White attempted to discard his third wife, a fifteen-year court battle developed. White married three times. It was said he promised his first wife, Anna Elizabeth Welling, $600 and put her and their infant daughter on a horse and headed it out of Round Valley when he tired of them. His second wife was Alice Fetty whom he went back to his native Virginia to marry. He was said to have tired of her and was planning to rid himself of her when she conveniently died of tuberculosis.

His third wife was Frankie White. Her father, a Trinity County rancher, was George White's first cousin. Her mother was in the insane asylum in Stockton. George took Frankie and her brother Clarence in when they were teenagers. He sent Frankie to school some and hired Clarence to work on the ranch. Frankie was his housekeeper when he married her.

When George sued for divorce in the Mendocino County court, where he had always pretty much had his way, the firm-chinned Frankie filed a cross-complaint charging infidelity. She got a change of venue to San Francisco.

Frankie's lawyers, and she soon had several who were paid by George White, went to work on White with vigor. Wylackie busied himself developing the scenario which would paint the woman as trifling and two-timing and unworthy to share her husband's fortune. White early introduced a hand-written contract that he had made when he married Frankie in which she agreed to claim nothing in the event of divorce. The court promptly threw out the agreement.

Then White said that his money would be used to fight her and that she wouldn't get any of it. Indeed she got very little. The *Call* reported the Wylackie had nightly sessions for prospective witnesses. Rehearsals were held in an orchard near the White mansion in Round Valley. Some of the men wanted their testimony written out. Wylackie complained that Brady Tuttle's head was so thick that he couldn't get anything in it.

(Continued on page 56)

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Indian Tuan

(Continued from page 9)

thoughts reverted to the past. All the past of his life came to his mind—the many winters he had spent near some lake or mountain stream catching fish; his many hunting expeditions; his pleasure when catching rabbits with his hands in the soft snow; the many glorious summers in the mountains spearing fish; gathering sugar from the sugar pines with his Indian companions and his pal Chapo, and how he and Chapo, his constant companion and friend, killed antelope, deer, and built stockades to trap bear amongst the rocky heights—healthy, wild and happy.

Tuan fell asleep where he lay on the sandy slope of the river. This was all he could remember. He knew nothing of the white man's ways. He did not know his age. He had never heard of the day of the week or month or of the meaning of the hands of a clock. The sun and the moon were his clock, and these timepieces never got out of order. Of languages, he knew there were others beside the Piutes. He realized he was nearing young manhood. He knew he was not an Indian. Every drop of blood in him told him he was a white man. What had become of the white people at the emigrant wagon? Never before had such a proposition as Black Horse Bill's come to him and it took time to think or choose between his life with the Indians and the race memory which called him. In the stillness of the desert he soon arrived at a decision. He returned to the temescal, ate his breakfast of acorn bread, meat and poleo for tea, mounted a horse, and unseen by anyone rode away.

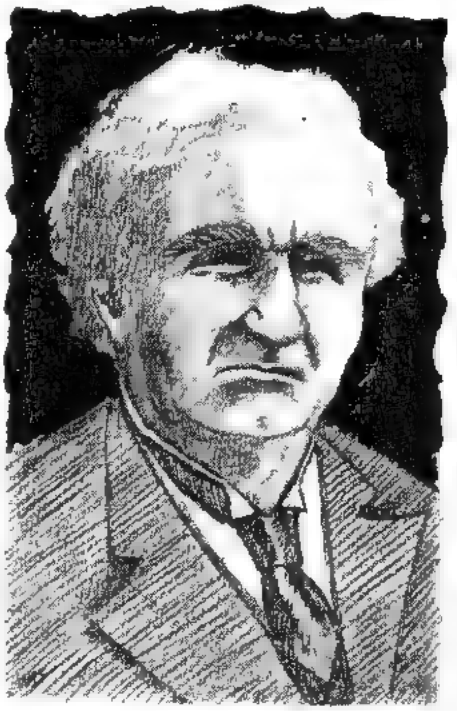
This was the first time in all the years that he had been with the Indians that he did not care for Chapo's company. For the first time he wanted to be alone. He felt something, some vague, mysterious force pulling him away. On his horse he carried his highly prized pearl-handled revolver and his bow and arrow. When he reached the top of a small knoll, obeying an impulse he turned toward the temescal for a last look. It seemed to him that everything looked different, the ponies, the half starved wolf dogs. Yet he felt a natural homesickness steal over him like a long-time convict feels regret on leaving prison and the prison friends whom he has known so long.

Tuan then turned and rode on toward the emigrant camp of the previous evening. Without any definite plan, he was obeying an impulse to learn more of these white people and their ways. When he arrived at the camp, he found the place deserted. The toiling horses, the squeaking wagon, the shouting men and singing women had departed hours before toward Donner Lake and the pass that would take them across the mountains.

Though the camp was deserted, his errand was not in vain. The spot was alive with interest. There was the campfire. There were scraps of food still on the ground. He found a crust of baked bread, picked it up and smelled of it. This must be what these people ate! He found a broken earthen dish and a coffeepot full of holes. These he examined with keen curiosity. A piece of harness and a piece of rope were lying on the ground. In the soft dirt there were tracks of shod feet. Fascinated, and haunted by some strange feeling, he wandered about the deserted camp as if intoxicated.

A short distance from the camp, lodged in a clump of sagebrush, he saw a dirty white object, to him more mysterious than all the others. He rescued the relic from its wind-driven anchorage. It was a copy of a newspaper, yellowed with age and exposure to the sun. He held the paper in his hand, turning it over and over. He knew little more of its use than did the pony he rode. Tuan had never seen print but it was to be as significant to him as it was for Robinson Crusoe to find Friday's footprint upon the shore of the sea. He knew the pictures were of white men and women in their strange dress. There was a picture of an emigrant wagon drawn by mules. Another of men with guns, and a horse running with its rider that carried a sack fastened to the saddle. A dispatch messenger, no doubt. Something told him that this paper was a silent message of the white man's language and little as he understood the printed sheet of this old newspaper, he knew that it must be the key to the white man's power. He carefully folded and placed the paper in his shirt.

—sketch by Bill Seymour from a 1923 newspaper photo.



Juan Bautista Campbell

ROUNDING the base of a sand knoll, Tuan came face to face with a soldier. With a sudden burst of profanity, the soldier brought his gun down and ordered, "Hands up!"

Tuan's hands went up.

"Hey, buck, only your fine hair saved you. Dead Indians are good Indians," the soldier said as he looked Tuan over from head to foot.

With the gun barrel pointing at his head, Tuan tried to give an account of himself in Piute. This the soldier did not understand.

"If you can't talk United States, don't talk or I'll feed you to the coyotes," he ordered.

Tuan placed his hand in his shirt bosom and pulled out the newspaper and showed it to the soldier. This brought forth a guffaw.

"A Piute with a newspaper!" he exclaimed. "What kind of whiskey have I been drinking!" The soldier pulled a black bottle out of his pocket and began talking to it. Then addressing Tuan, "Have a drink," he said pushing the bottle toward the boy. "Have a drink with Private Cooper, Troop D," he repeated, leaning over in his saddle and holding the bottle to Tuan's face. "What! You won't drink with Private Cooper?" Then he gave a gruff "Ha! Ha!" adding, "You think it is poison—I'll show you that it is not poison, I'll drink first."

Taking a gulp from the bottle he again handed it to Tuan, saying, "Here now, Buck, it's your turn. What! You won't drink with a white man? You will drink or I'll fill your bread basket full of holes!"

Tuan, sensing the danger he was in, made a pass to take the bottle but instead seized the trooper's rifle and with the agility of a cat turned it at Cooper. The soldier was quick to drop the bottle and throw up his hands. Tuan had captured a part of the United States Army. He did not want to kill the soldier; he told him to "Go." Cooper obeyed and ran his horse until he disappeared over the crest of a hill.

With his new possession, the rifle Cooper had left him, Tuan continued his journey, riding at a slow pace. He had not gone far when he wished he had ridden more rapidly. In a small ravine he came upon Concha, a young Indian woman, and her child, lying on the ground, moaning with pain, her hands and feet tied so she could not move. She had been lassoed by a soldier, like a wild beast, forced to submit to him, and left tied to die of thirst and hunger.

The description she gave fastened the crime upon Cooper. Tuan regretted not having killed him. Tuan placed Concha and her child upon his horse and led them back to the Malheur temescal. When Koolan heard his wife's story, his tall and taciturn frame trembled with rage. He seized Cooper's rifle that Tuan held in his hand, flung himself upon his pony and raced away, an avenger of the primeval law.

Thus ended Tuan's first effort to get an education. But he kept concealed in his shirt the newspaper he had found. He never lost hope that sometime he would master its contents—the knowledge to unlock the secrets that barred his way to the world beyond the desert.

FROM the wild, walking alone without fear, without weapon either for self-defense or for killing game, about his shoulders a loose brown serape of coarse wool, his feet protected by rawhide *tosa* fastened to the bottom of the foot, on his

LICENSED TO [illegible]
ELECTRON[illegible]PROHIBITED

head a black felt hat, around his neck a chain with a small crucifix and in his hand. instead of a gun, a leather-bound book, Father Sanches approached the temescal and greeted Chief Winnemucka with a smile.

Winnemucka rose and received Padre Sanchez who understood the Piute language and had come on one of his regular visits to his old friend and the tribe. To the Indians, this white man was in some mysterious way different. It seemed to them that there was about his person a radiance that protected him from danger, some unseen armor that no warclub could break through. This stranger, whose introduction was the Word of God, was in some strange way, they believed, related to the sun. He warmed them. They gave the good priest a hearty welcome.

Tuan eagerly brought from its hidden place the old crumpled newspaper and handed it to the Padre.

The priest gave the boy a searching look saying, "You want to learn to read? I will teach you the ways of our Holy Church and then you can become a missionary among your Indian friends." Taking from his pocket *The Lives of the Saints*, he assured Tuan this book was best for him to learn to read.

Every day they would sit under a big cottonwood tree, the worn book between them, and soon Tuan could make out a number of words and even form sentences for himself in print. His mind absorbed the Padre's instruction like the dried desert sand absorbs water in the heat of day. This was a strange school. The squirrels would perch themselves and watch with their big curious eyes. The beavers and other animals seemed interested in Tuan's education.

Tuan had no desire to teach the Indians the ways of Holy Church, but whenever he caught the meaning of the sentences he was more pleased than to have shot a deer. One morning, leaving the book with Tuan, the Padre departed for a visit to the other Indian lodges. Thus, awkward as were the tools, Tuan possessed the base, the beginning, and the point of departure to attaining the white man's knowledge. With unbounded patience he toiled over his ragged newspaper and the almost utterly incomprehensible *Lives of the Saints*, the newspaper print being in one language, the book in another. This somewhat complicated matters. Lying on the ground, in the shade of a tree, or at night near a campfire, the boy fought with the printed lines, picking out and marking with a piece of charcoal the letters and words and sentences. He soon scrawled his name everywhere, on the sand, on soft rocks, on barks of trees, to the merriment of his Indian friends. Some of them regarded him as one possessed of the devil—"Diablo" or a magician.

So old newspapers, rescued from abandoned emigrant camps or blown before strange winds, were carried about, hidden like gold dust, concealed under the boy's shirt, to be painfully and laboriously studied for days at a time until some faint glimmering of their messages soaked into his eager mind. In time, measureless miles from school or teacher, he managed to learn to read and write and then, with a boy's thirst for adventure, he purloined copies of the New York *Ledger* from the nearest army post and lay many a night from dusk to dawn reading its fascinating pages.

Juan Campbell and some of the orphans he befriended.

FROM this self-taught ability to read and write, young Campbell—now a young man—turned to travel. He wanted to see the world beyond his Indian environment. Furthermore, travel would help to educate and he had seen that any man without education was woefully handicapped. So he drifted away from the Indians, began carrying dispatches between the widely separated army posts, dangerous work in those days, and finally started East.

The war spirit was rampant at this time. Winnemucka's son, Natchez, at Thousand Springs brought the information that white men were killing the Indian hunters and the Indians were killing the white miners who trespassed upon their land. Unprovoked massacre and wanton destruction and depredation by white outlaws became an every-day occurrence. Tuan was nearing the day when he would be forced to choose between the red and the white man. He would soon have to fight on one side or the other. The boy did not wish to leave his friends in their time of need.

Natchez and other Chieftains assembled in Sage Hen Canyon to consider the situation. Among those present were Ninishtuka who had his temescal at Buffalo Meadow; Sequinita, with his temescal near Battle Mountain. One by one they arrived at Winnemucka's temescal, each one bringing his women and children on ponies, and the dogs. The Council was held at the largest temescal. Chief Winnemucka greeted each one with the customary Indian grunt. A fire was built in the center of the temescal. The Chiefs sat around it. Tuan, watching at the door, heard it all.

With a solemn and impressive dignity one of the Chiefs rose. It seemed that his black eyes flashed fire. His face was aflame with excitement as he recited the many wrongs and injustices done them. He drew a terrible indictment against the white man, an accusation or ravishment, rapine, and murder. Chief Winnemucka took no part in the accusations. He sat in silence, neither affirming nor denying.

Chief Winnemucka then was seen to rise and in silence leave the Council fire. Without a glance back, he strode away. Some distance from the temescal, he laid himself down, his face on the ground, his arms outstretched, prone as if dead. His action caused no comment. The Council went on.

They knew that the old Chief was in "gongles" with the Great Spirit. It was the oldest Chief's privilege to do this in matters of solemn importance. For twenty-four hours he lay thus, refusing to eat or drink, saying nothing, only groaning and praying to the Great Spirit for counsel. Chief after Chief recited their grievances.

Then, weak and gaunt, Chief Winnemucka staggered back to the temescal and took his place by the fire. The silence became oppressive, all anxiously awaiting him to talk.

"Friends," the old Chief began in the Piute tongue, "I know that I am in the minority, but by my age and experience, I hope you will profit. We have suffered much. More we shall suffer. The whites are many, like the leaves of the tree, like the blades of grass. We are like the willow, a few here and there. The whites have guns; we have bows and arrows. It will be like fighting the sandstorm, like

fighting the whirlwind. Do we fight the snowflakes? No. We endure the snow and cold and it makes us strong. If we fight we die. Let us not fight the white man, and live."

Long he pleaded with them, but in vain. War was inevitable. The Council ended. The Chiefs scattered to call their bands together. They were determined to make a last stand against their white enemy. Tuan was no longer a child and he knew the Indians expected him to participate in their deadly work. But Tuan knew that he was not an Indian. He was white. He did not want to fight his race and he did not want to take sides with the whites and fight his Indian friends. They had taken care of him when he could not take care of himself.

IN A FEW days the Indians were ready for battle. They were armed with bows and arrows and a few flintlock guns. Some had old discarded army rifles. Each band was commanded by its own chief. When night came, Tuan, noiseless as a cat, caught his best horse and rode to the Burns' ranch telling them to flee, that the Indians were on the warpath. A few white families escaped during the night to the stockade of the White Horse ranch near Fort McDermitt.

The few white soldiers at the fort assembled at the stockade, making a force of about three hundred men including some miners who had banded together. They were all well armed. They marched to meet the Indians and forced them to fight. Chief Natchez had sent his scouts out to locate if possible the whereabouts of the whites. That very same night the Indian scouts reported they had seen a number of campfires at the mouth of Black Canyon.

Chief Natchez immediately marched his men some distance down to a narrow part of the canyon, knowing the white men had to pass through at this place. The Indians then climbed the steep side hills and hid themselves behind rocks. Here the Indians waited for the whites. The advantages were all with the Piutes. When the whites were about half way up the canyon, the whole fighting power of the Piute tribes, several hundred warriors, from both sides of the canyon opened a deadly fire, with yells, poisoned arrows and guns. It was an ambush.

The whites were taken by surprise. Their ranks were mowed down by the Indian fire. Past masters in this mode of warfare, the Indians had made every rock, every fallen tree a barricade. They were within easy arrow range. The air became full of arrows carrying the sting of death.

The white miner freebooters and some all around criminals that had infested these western wildernesses to keep away from the clutch of the law, were not easily thrown into panic. Desperate as was the situation they soon rallied. Rifle shot immediately answered the arrow.

Some of the braver whites spurred their horses up the mountainside to dislodge the Indians from behind the rocks if possible. Others dismounted, dodging from rock to rock to attack them hand to hand; and thus, slowly, the whites advanced on the Indians' stronghold. The bottom of the canyon became clogged with dead horses, white men and Piutes.

Tuan, from his position on the north side of the pass, saw a scout leading against the Indians. Tuan's position was peculiar. He was not a coward but he did not fight. One battle was going on before his eyes, another was raging within him. Here, in the midst of carnage and death, he resolved to avoid both dilemmas by making his way across the mountains to some California mission.

Pretending to advance with the Indians from rock to rock, Tuan slipped to the outer edge of the Indian lines. When he found himself some distance from the nearest warrior, he dropped behind a rise of the side hill and ran at full speed.

He was some distance from the scene of the strife when, a little below him, he heard the foot fall of a horse following a trail in his direction. Tuan stepped behind a rock. As the horse came nearer, Tuan recognized it and its rider who was hanging to the horn of the saddle with both hands. It was Black Horse Bill, the scout. Blood was running in a stream from wounds on his breast and thigh.

Tuan took a handkerchief from the scout's neck and tied it around the leg to stop the flow of blood. He loosened the scout's shirt and stuffed the wound on his breast with some damp moss. Sticking in Bill's side was a broken arrow. Tuan knew how to remove it. The flesh around the wound was turning black; the arrow had been poisoned.

Tuan placed his mouth to the wound and sucked it until the flesh recovered its natural color. The boy then took from one of his pockets a small buckskin sack and from it filled his mouth with "Werta de la Bevora" to counteract the poison. This weed is used extensively among all Indian tribes and is an absolute antidote for poison.

BLACK HORSE BILL Christie was lying on the ground where Tuan had placed him, unconscious. When he came to, he recognized Tuan. He remembered his conversation with him at the emigrant wagon.

"You are coming, boy—this is your last chance," he said to Tuan, again closing his eyes.

After helping the scout into the saddle, Tuan placed his foot in the stirrup, swung himself behind the saddle and placing his arm around the wounded man's body, kept down the trail, leaving the sound of battle, the groans of the dying, and the Indian yells behind. Bill lay as if dead in Tuan's arms. The horse, unguided, followed the dim trail down the side of the mountain. Then coming around a bend he came to a sudden stop and drew a long breath with ears pointing down the canyon. Tuan, son of the desert, knew that the horse had smelled water. Leaving the trail, the horse turned sharp to the right straight down the mountain.

When he reached the bottom of the canyon a spring of cool water was flowing, surrounded by green grass. Tuan placed Bill upon the ground near the spring, took one of his moccasins and filling it full of water, moistened Bill's lips, washed the blood off his face and dressed his wounds. The scout dropped into sleep.

Tuan gathered poleo and made some tea and with cocomitos, a kind of grass root, ate a hearty meal. When Bill awoke he was refreshed and ate the cocomitos Tuan had gathered. He felt recovered enough to travel. The wounded scout held the saddle with Tuan's arm around his body. In this manner they rode all night. There were times when Tuan feared his patient was losing strength and would die. This worried him for he knew if Black Horse Bill was found dead the white soldiers would overtake him and kill him. At last, just about daybreak, they reached the mining settlement now known as Canyon City, county seat of Harney County, Oregon.

Tuan, a lad of seventeen, with his bow tied to his back and his arrows at his side, was received as a hero. He had saved a valuable life. Every miner respected and became interested in him. He was among friends. Tuan stayed at Bill's side watching and nursing him. Black Horse Bill sent Tuan on his most urgent errands, ones which he heretofore could trust to no one but himself. Thus Tuan was made a government scout and he proved to be a good one.

As for the battle, a company of old retired Texas Rangers on their way to the California gold diggings had heard the fusillade and made a run for the scene. The whites were about to stampede, thinking they were whipped by the Piutes, but rallied their forces and again came to the attack. Within a short time the Rangers had the Indians retreating with themselves in pursuit.

ON Tuan's first assignment as a government scout, Black Horse Bill said to him, "I have a man's job for you. I can't go myself. Take this letter to Commander Grimm at Fort McDermitt, and ride my horse, and you better travel at night."

Tuan never knew what fear was. He took the letter, placed it in his bosom and when night came, saddled Bill's horse, took some dried beef and bread in his saddle bags and struck the trail. The second night out, about daybreak, he was going into the tules around Lake Superstition when he saw a man coming toward him.

When he came up Tuan said to him, "Best for you to lay to during the day—you might meet some wandering band of unfriendly Indians."

It was Private Cooper of Troop D. He gave Tuan a sneer and rode on. Tuan found a hiding place near the lake. He staked his horse, ate some of his dried meat, spread his blankets for a bed and rolled into them and went to sleep. He was soon awakened by a noise. He raised his head and saw his horse running around the stake, snorting and pawing. Indians were about. Black Horse Bill had told him his horse would act this way when he smelled an Indian.

Tuan jumped up, grabbed his gun and stood by the side of his horse ready for defense. He heard footsteps. He pointed his gun toward the sound. A moment later an Indian crawled out of the tules. He was covered.

"Toulecate!" meaning "Don't shoot," exclaimed the Indian.

"Neotonma," meaning "Don't you know

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me?" It was Koolan.

"Hookahda, I am hungry," he said and ate until he had consumed nearly all of Tuan's dried beef.

"Koolan, are you on the warpath?" asked Tuan.

"I make war on one white man. Many moons I track one white man," replied Koolan. And, having satisfied his hunger, he disappeared as noiselessly as he had appeared.

As Tuan rolled himself in his blankets again, he said to himself, "Be on your guard, White Man with Black Soul. An enemy who will never forget is on your trail."

When night came, Tuan continued his journey. The moon hung heavy in the skies and then disappeared altogether. A cloud had gathered and seemed anchored to the Three Peaks of Trinity Mountains. Rain gradually began to fall. A roar of thunder was heard in the distance. The darkness increased. Rain began to fall in torrents. Fitful gleams of lightning illuminated the heavens. Tuan ran for shelter to the well known Cave Spring in Sage Hen Canyon. As he reached its mouth, a streak of electric fire whitened the sky accompanied by a bolt of thunder that caused the mountains to tremble, its echo breaking the silence of the desert. A wolf, seemingly taking part in the avenger's mission, added its howl to this unknown force. Lightning turned night into day; the rain still fell in torrents. Tuan unsaddled his trembling horse and covered him with a blanket. He then crawled into the shelter of the cave to wait until the storm abated. The entrance of the cave was low and he had to crawl in on his hands and knees.

When Tuan crawled out, day was breaking and he saw that his hands were smeared with blood. He went back into the cave and struck a light. Horribly mutilated in one corner of the cave was what recently had been Private Cooper, Troop D—Koolan had had his revenge.

AFTER the Indian disturbances had been quelled and Tuan's great problem of race had been solved satisfactorily to himself, he finally went East, partly working and partly beating his way up the Atlantic Coast and through eastern Canada. It was a rough experience, even to this boy accustomed to roughing it, and he sometimes "formed the acquaintance" of the police. But he was going to school in the world of white men and was learning his lessons well.

From New York he worked his passage by steamer to Aspenwall. Here, running foul of a mutiny on the ship, he secreted himself among the sheep in a stock car bound across the Isthmus and reached Panama. To a lad who had learned his tactics of fighting among the Indians, a mutiny on shipboard must have seemed a strange type of warfare.

In Panama he found work with a company of English civil engineers and spent a year making mineral surveys through Central America and southern Mexico and gaining knowledge which has been of use to his native state, as well as Mexico, in its great oil discoveries.

Reaching California with a little money in his pocket at the end of this service, young Campbell went into the cattle business, and eventually acquired funds big enough to enable him to tour Europe. He spent some time in Paris and visited all the great cities from Rome to Petrograd. In Rome he had the honor of being received by the Pope, and in London the honor of being received by Colin Campbell, one of the English nobility. Returning to California from this trip, he settled down on his rancho in Monterey County, making occasional trips to San Francisco or Sacramento where he would invariably visit the juvenile courts and bring home one to three abandoned or bereft orphans. He would send them to school and, then a bachelor, try to fulfill the parts of both mother and father. In the World War, Spanish John Campbell was commissioned as an interpreter of international documents and so acted for the United States Government in Paris during the conflict.

He eventually returned to California, taking his place as one of the successful citizens, and in his own career adding another to the long list of examples of what one may accomplish when intelligence and a strong purpose are applied to even the forlornest hope in the shape of opportunity.

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Below: The wreck, showing the car tossed across the truck where the train folded.

PANIC IN THE DAY COACH

By John L. Lutz

As told to Annie Talabere

WHEN I was about five years old, my family who lived in Marietta, Kansas journeyed west to visit relatives in Newport, a very small farming and lumbering town near Spokane in Washington State. When they saw high hills crowned with heavy virgin timber and lush green meadows through which the Pend Oreille River flowed, they caught a bad case of "Western Fever."

Father and Mother were so enthusiastic about moving West that they hurried back to Kansas to sell their property. Our family consisted of Charley, twenty-one; Mable, eighteen; Earl, seventeen; Archie, fourteen; and me. They all wanted to leave Kansas except me. I liked it there. But no one consulted me.

We had a big auction sale in our farm yard, disposing of extra machinery, furniture, etc. I still remember the commotion and the crowds who expected a meal —a part of any auction in those days. I especially didn't want to part with my small wagon and when the auctioneer pulled it out, I stayed right in it.

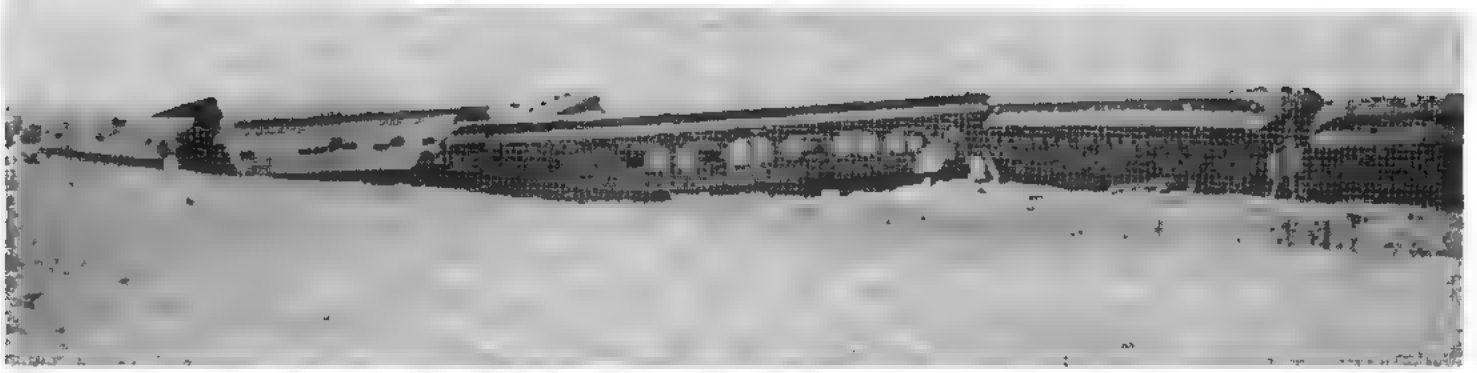
"The boy goes with the wagon," he hollered. That scared me so I jumped out and ran to my mother.

Finally, with property sold, we packed everything we thought we would need and started for Washington State. Father arranged for a box car on a freight train to ship two cows, a few horses and pigs, some implements, and our furniture. Charley went along with him to help milk the cows, as well as feed, water, and care for the livestock generally.

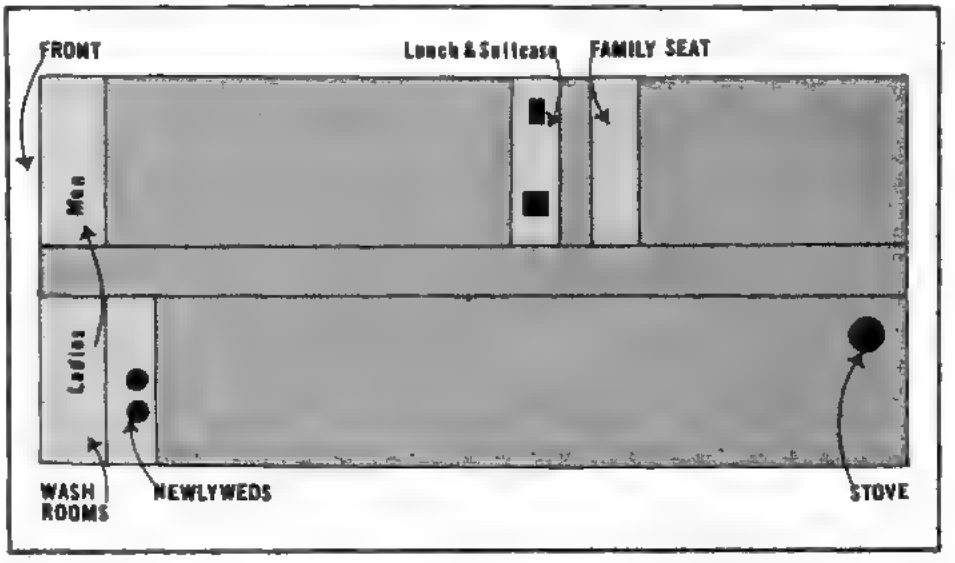
Mother with us remaining four kids left on a separate train—a passenger train which wouldn't take freight. Being frugal, she fixed food for us to eat along the way.

Loaded with suitcases and lunch baskets, we boarded the train. How happy we were that bright April morning in 1906. I was five and a half, and even I had become resigned to the move. Father felt that Mother would be taken

John Lutz, ready for the move West.



Above: Closer view of the wrecked train. Below: Layout of the coach.



care of because his brother-in-law and some of his family were on the same train. How wrong he was!

WE traveled by day coach which proved intensely interesting to us kids. I remember my older brother's taking me to explore the layout. We still exchange memories when we get together and what I've forgotten, he remembers. Our coach was rather loosely built of wood and in the rear was a large pot belly stove which heated the drafty interior. A coal fire was kept burning all of the time. In the other end of the car were two washrooms, ladies on one side of the aisle, men on the other.

We soon found out that the couple in the end seat were newlyweds and we liked to watch them and giggle. They were young and quite friendly. Our family had seats near the middle of the car which gave us quite a view. All morning our train thundered and puffed black smoke across flat country, passing farmland that always seemed to spread out just below us. The road bed had been built up for drainage, and water filled the ditches on each side.

Toward noon Mother got out the lunch basket. The car seats flipped over allowing four persons to sit facing each other. Mother used the seat facing her to spread out the lunch. Some of us stood in the aisle. Then someone wanted an item from the suit case, so she spread that out in the space beside the lunch basket and opened it.

Mable and her cousin from the other car had gone to the washroom and since we boys couldn't wait for the girls, Mother began handing out bread and jelly sandwiches. She had baked the last of our old hens and each of us grabbed a piece. I found a drum stick which was just what I wanted.

We were too busy to talk when suddenly there was a terrifying thump! thump! thump! Then came an ear-splitting, tremendous crash—and our world seemed to explode. The jolting had been the wheels of our car hitting the ties where the rails had spread.

The long train seemed to fold at our car, pushing it cross-ways of the others. I can still hear people screaming, crying, moaning. Every seat in our car collapsed at the impact, and some of them pinned passengers underneath. The man who had been sitting across the aisle was doubled up and couldn't wriggle out. He was screaming for help. Two men finally managed to dislodge him.

A big timber came through the window of the car where the newlyweds sat, trapping them in their seat. We couldn't find Mable until we heard her screaming and pounding and found the two girls wedged in the washroom. They were finally released after the door was broken down. The contents of our opened suitcase and food basket had been tossed into the air and soon our clothes and personal belongings, as well as all that good food, were trampled underfoot.

About that time the car began to fill with smoke from the round iron heater which had upset. Brother Archie shoved the live coals out of the caved-in side of the car and succeeded in stopping the fire.

Hot and black with soot, he then broke a nearby window and jumped out. Of course, he landed in the water-filled ditch beside the road bed. (Mother later scolded him for being so careless and ruining his suit!)

FINALLY all of the passengers escaped through the broken windows. Perhaps people were hardier in those days, but aside from cuts from broken glass there were few serious injuries; and no one was killed, which seemed like a miracle. If our train had been moving at the speed of today's trains, there undoubtedly would have been worse results.

Soon the section crew arrived on hand cars and swarmed all over the wreck. We found out later that they helped themselves to everything that looked worth taking. Not long after, a relief train with doctors, nurses, and railroad officials backed all the way from Grand Island to where we were stranded.

The officials, armed with releases, contacted the passengers, persuading each to sign a release that would clear the company of any responsibility for loss or injury. Mother's leg was hurt but she would not complain. She said she was so thankful that her children were all alive and safe that she signed gladly. Ironically, the leg troubled her the rest of her life, but the railroad company didn't even know about it. Also we lost a lot of good clothing which cost Father plenty to replace.

Father's brother-in-law was smart. About all he lost was a new derby hat but he refused to release the company until it agreed to buy him a new one. It took Father a long time to get over that!

At Grand Island the injured were patched up and we were all transferred to another train headed west. For the rest of the trip the subject of most conversations was "The Wreck" and what each one had lost or suffered, but it was too late then—the releases had taken care of all that. My father didn't even know about our exciting adventure until we reached Newport and told him. We sure made him wish he hadn't missed it!

MOVING THE MOOCHER

By Naomi Mickey Wood

MY BROTHER, Burley Mickey, and my cousin, Smith Mickey, were living in a far line-camp of a big ranch during the winter. Their boss was a good one and believed in feeding his cowboys well. The pantry was stocked not only with all the necessities but a few luxuries.

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The boys came in from work one cold evening to find a chuckline rider making himself at home in the cabin. Sometimes one of these fellows would stay on until he wore his welcome out. That night though, they cooked supper and all ate happily. Then gabbed till bedtime.

Burley and Smith rode out on their job the next morning, expecting the visitor to go on his way, but when they came in that night he was still there. And he had not even cut and brought in the night wood or water. He stayed on and on—never helping in any way around the cabin, not even to bring in a bucket of water. The boys got mighty tired of him.

As they were riding back to camp one evening, Smith said, "I'll bet a dollar to a dime I can get Fuzzy to leave by tomorrow." (They'd begun to call their visitor Fuzzy because he never shaved.)

"I'll call that bet and hope I lose," Burley replied. Sure enough, when they got in, Fuzzy was lying on his bed—no wood, no water and no supper started. Burley went for wood and water, while Smith began cooking.

Just as Burley put down a load of wood, Smith pulled his gun and shot toward the foot of Fuzzy's bed.

"Hey, whatcha shootin' at?" yelled Fuzzy and jumped up just as Smith put another shot into the corner of the cabin.

My cousin yelled back, "Ha, I got that dirty rat! I'll show 'em they can't eat up all our grub!"

Bang, bang, went his gun again with Fuzzy yelling, "I don't see any rats! Stop that shooting!"

"You ain't got as good eyes as I have," grunted Smith as he started reloading.

Burley leaned over toward Fuzzy and whispered, "Don't cross him when he's got one of those spells, he might take a shot at you. Just let on like you see them rats, too."

At supper Smith kept his gun by his plate and shot every so often and Fuzzy seemed to have lost his appetite. He watched Smith nervously.

About midnight, Smith jumped up, lit the lamp (to make sure he did not shoot Burley or Fuzzy), and began cussing rats again. Then he emptied his six-shooter and reloaded it and blew out the light. About three o'clock he repeated the performance, only this time he was louder and harder to calm down.

Fuzzy passed up breakfast and kept his eyes on Smith every minute. When the boys went out to saddle up for the day's work, Fuzzy went out, too. He saddled up and rode off. And that was the last they saw of that moocher.

My brother and cousin had many a laugh about the time they "shot all those rats out of camp"—one of them so big he left on horseback.

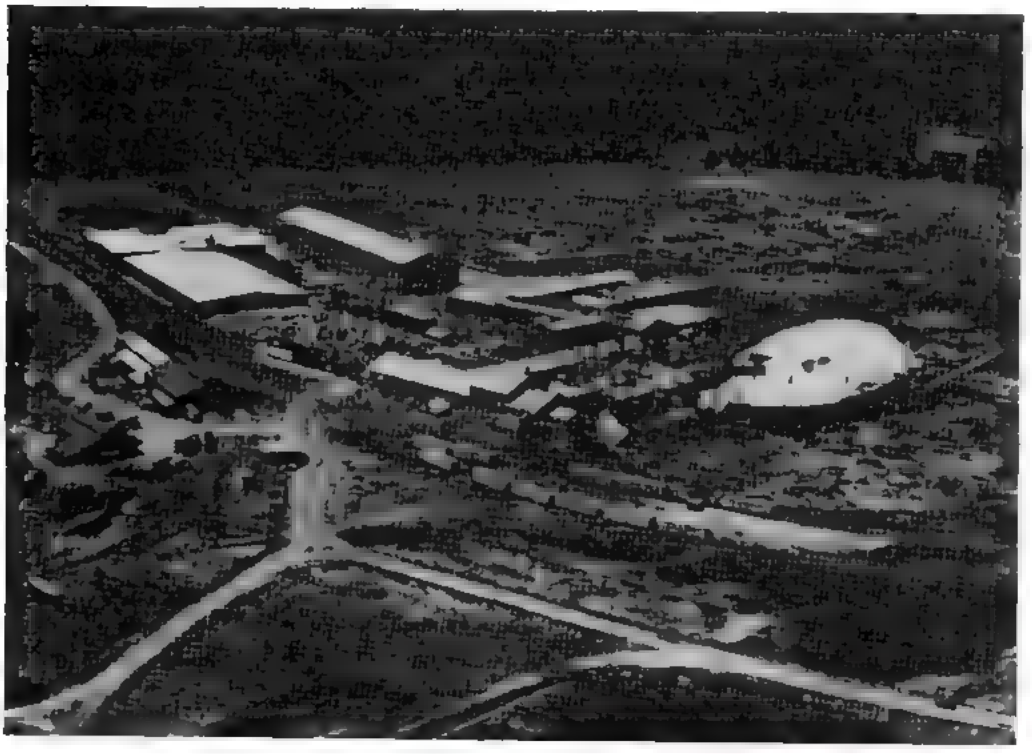
Courtesy John Dunn

On Highway 165, present-day road sign of McNary, Louisiana.

Photos Courtesy Author

Photos below, Courtesy Southwest Forest Industries, Inc

Above: The W. M. Cady Lumber Company Mill at McNary about 1915. Below: Aerial photograph of McNary, Arizona Lumber Mill.



McNARY, ARIZONA LOUISIANA TRANSPLANT

By B. Ira Judd

I WAS in Louisiana when I heard of the ghost town of McNary, and how a train wreck on December 30, 1922 on the Mexico Northwestern Railroad between Madera, Chihuahua, and El Paso, Texas was responsible for the founding of its namesake in Arizona. The thought intrigued me.

James G. McNary, W. M. Cady, B. M. Smith, with others, organized the W. M. Cady Lumber Company in 1910. They set up their mill some twenty miles south of Alexandria, Louisiana on the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Little remains of McNary today except a country store and a sign on the highway. A few rubble heaps outline the foundations of a number of the former mill buildings.

Within ten years the company was nearing the end of its lumber operations in Louisiana. Two more years would see the timber supply about exhausted.

A tour of the Pacific Northwest to find a suitable site with an adequate supply of timber within a satisfactory price range ended in failure. Then company officials learned of a large forest of ponderosa pine near the town of Madera in Chihuahua, Mexico.

In the closing months of 1922, a trip to Mexico was arranged to look over the half-million acre tract in which they were interested. After riding through the timberland on horseback they estimated it would easily yield a cut of five thousand feet per acre, nearly twice as much as had been cut during the company's whole operation in Louisiana.

The price of the tract was about the equivalent of two dollars per acre compared to one hundred dollars an acre for southern pine stumpage which yielded twenty thousand feet an acre. This would be about fifty cents a thousand feet for the timber compared to five dollars for southern pine.

WHILE a large investment and extensive industrial operations in a foreign country posed plenty of problems—especially in Mexico at that time—it was not felt that these problems presented too great an obstacle. To a man the officials were enthusiastic and eager to proceed with the venture. Their special train was to leave Madera for El Paso at about seven o'clock on the evening of December 30.

It was cold in the mountain country. All the train crew had gathered in the engine to keep warm—the engineer, fireman and coal passer; the conductor and two brakemen. It was learned later that the crew had been celebrating the night before and that evidently all of them were dozing.

About midnight they ran onto a bridge which had been set on fire and was still burning. The train was badly wrecked. Three of the trainmen were killed, two others injured, and one fatally burned. The passengers were thoroughly shaken up and bruised but not seriously injured, although some of the cars were reduced to matchwood.

A wire was sent for a relief train. The survivors spent a harrowing night, made worse as they expected attacks from Villistas at any time. The relief train finally arrived in the early morning, and the task of transporting the bodies, the wounded, and the baggage around the wreckage to the relief train only added to the horror. Later in the day another burned bridge was encountered. But as it was daylight and the crew was alert, there was no wreck. The passengers had to wait for a second relief train—finally arriving at El Paso late that night. By this time the businessmen from Louisiana had lost all interest in lumber operations in Mexico.

FACED with the choice of either liquidating their company or finding additional timber, McNary and his partners turned toward Arizona. After considerable checking they decided to purchase the stock of the Apache Lumber Company. This included the mill, plant and town *of* Cooley.

Mr. Cady who could not visualize a lumber operation without the employment of Negro labor, decided to import about five hundred of his experienced and faithful employes to Arizona. It required two (another source said three) long trains to move the people, with all their household possessions, and large quantities of sawmill and logging equipment of every description. The last log in the mill of the W. M. Cady Lumber Company at McNary, Louisiana was cut at 12:29 p.m. on Thursday, February 7, 1924 and at 12 o'clock Sunday, February 10, the special trains bearing the hundreds of employes with their baggage and equipment left McNary for Arizona.

Though Cady built a town for the black people, with a restaurant, a hotel, two churches and everything to make them comfortable and contented, there was indignation on the part of some Arizonans over their arrival in the state. Many descendants of the original group still live in McNary. Cady also transported the key men in his organization from Louisiana, with their families, and started operations early in the winter of 1924.

Since the W. M. Cady Lumber Company of McNary, Louisiana was already an established name in the lumber trade, it semed sensible to retain the same identity for the Arizona enterprise. Thus the town of Cooley was changed to McNary, and a Louisiana town of the same name became a ghost because of a train wreck on a wintry night in Mexico.

McNary, Arizona has played an important role in the economy of the state for many years. It is continuing to do so under the name of Southwest Forest Industries, Inc. which maintains the enviable reputation of the parent organization, the W. M. Cady Lumber Company.

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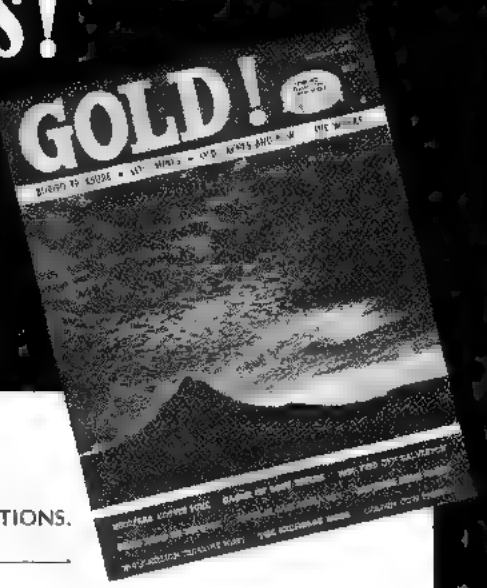

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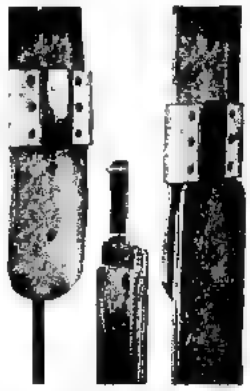

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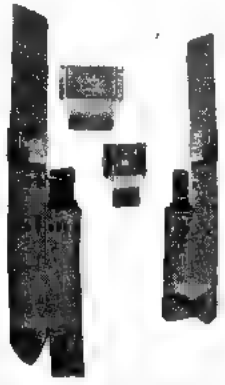

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From Georgia To Texas

(Continued from page 32)

and plastered to slats nailed to four straight poles that reached from the ground to a few feet above the roof of the cabin. Late in the day she put away the lard and cracklings and let the fire die down.

It looked like it would start raining any minute. The heavy overcast caused it to get dark early. Betty put on her coat and bonnet and went to take care of her outside chores before the rain set in for the night. She brought in two buckets of water, then took her milk pail and went out to milk the cow.

When she went out to get the cow she heard a high-pitched scream. A light sprinkle of rain was falling. A few minutes later she heard the scream again—louder as the damp air drifted from the marshes.

"A hungry panther out for an evening meal," Betty spoke aloud to calm the uneasy cow.

She was almost through milking when the panther screamed again. This time the terrifying sound came from the edge of the new ground just below the garden near a big pecan tree. When the frightened cow refused to stand still any longer Betty picked up her pail of milk and took the rope off the calf. Without waiting to strip the cow she hurried to the house.

As she entered the door, the panther screamed again. There was no doubt about it, the big cat was coming toward the house. Betty was wise enough to understand that the varmint probably smelled the fresh meat of the hog they had butchered the day before.

The slow winter rain was falling harder now. The eaves were dripping as she went out to finish taking care of the cows and calves. She brought in a large armload of wood and threw it by the fireplace. She made the kids stay put and started out to get another load of wood.

When she reached the door she saw a long grey figure slip into the shadows at the edge of the clearing. Betty reached over the door and took down the old squirrel rifle, but seeing no more movement outside she turned away and closed the door.

Betty was trying to think of some way to scare the panther when she heard a heavy thump on the boards overhead. The big cat had jumped to the roof of the cabin.

She was getting ready to fire the rifle through the roof when she realized the panther was going to the large open chimney. Frantically she grabbed the fire poker and started shoving small chunks of fire together. A little shower of sparks drifted up the chimney. She heard the panther snarl and spit as it jumped back. She used what small kindling she could find and soon had a small blaze going. She put on more wood and sat beside the fireplace with the rifle across her lap.

Finally there was but one stick of wood left. It was three o'clock in the morning. The wood had burned through in the middle and dropped into the ashes, sending a few sparks up the chimney. Betty heard the panther spit and jump back, then he started screaming again. The children began crying and pulling at her dress and she pushed the ends of the wood together.

Holding onto the rifle Betty grabbed a large straw mattress and threw it beside the fireplace. Ripping the tick open she started throwing straw on the wavering fire. The panther backed away from the chimney, but kept screaming.

About this time my husband walked out to the barn to feed the stock. He heard a faint scream far down the bayou. He fed the mules then went to the hog lot. When the hogs quit their rallying to eat the corn he gave them, he heard the scream again—more distinct this time. The rain had stopped and a gentle breeze was drifting up the bayou.

My husband knew that Betty and the children were alone. I was half asleep when he came in and took down his rifle and powderhorn. He told me he was going to see if Betty was all right.

It was light when my husband rode into the clearing at the Jordan cabin. He saw the long grey cat jump from the roof and slip away into the brush. The dogs, picking up the hot trail, went yelping into the thicket.

Richard checked with Betty to make sure she was safe, then followed the dogs. They ran the panther a short distance into the swamp and treed it. My husband located the snarling beast near the top of a tall cypress and shot it through the head.

He brought it back to the front of Betty's house. It was enormous in size and looked very lean and gaunt. It must have been very hungry.

When Betty's husband returned from town he skinned the panther; and when the hide was sufficiently dried he fashioned it into a rug and placed it in front of the fireplace. During cold weather the blanket of fur on the floor was soft and warm. The children liked it very much. They would sit on it for hours, playing. But to Betty I know it was a constant reminder of a night of horror.

In our part of the wilderness it was man against animals at first—a struggle for food—misfortunes such as bears catching our hogs, wildcats catching our chickens, deer eating the peas in the fields, and crows and squirrels eating the corn. But we survived.

We had lost all of the weaklings on the trail. I have never seen it fail; when a bunch of people get together to do a tough job there are always some who get disheartened. A first cousin of mine was in the party when we started. The second week of the journey he changed his mind and turned back with two more families. I have always been glad that Richard and I stayed.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, mulcskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Ora Bray Young

My father, Barclay T. Bray, is 86 years old and very anxious to locate his childhood friend and distant cousin, Ora Bray Young. Does anyone have information about her since 1909?

Ora was born about 1890 to Jane Small Bray and Dominick Bray near Concordia, Kansas. Ora had three brothers and four sisters: Orville, Fred, Dominick (nicknamed "Dump"), Pearl Campbell, Irene, Lena and Lucinda. When Jane died in August 1908 the family moved to Miltonsville, Kansas and Ora became "mother" to the younger children, except Lucinda. Pearl Campbell raised Lucinda along with a daughter Lucinda's age.

Ora married Orrin Young and moved to the Salina area where they worked in or owned a produce house. My father has had no contact with her since then, although he has tried every source. He needs your help! Please write.—Mrs. C. L. Williams, R. R. 1, Box 84, Sahuarita, Arizona 85629

Paul V. Barnett

My brother, Paul V. Barnett, was last heard from several years ago from Palmer, Alaska. He was a prospector and hunter and very much a loner. He was born in Josephine County, Oregon July 31, 1893. Please, anyone having any information, please write.—Mrs. Rachel Thrasher, 1310 N. E. 10th Street, Grants Pass, Oregon 97526

Chrisman-Smithers-Smothers

Anna Maria Chrisman, born September 29, 1735, was the daughter of Jacob Chrisman (1709-1778), who married Magdalena Hite. She was the daughter of Yost Hite, the colonizer of the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Anna Maria is reported to have married against her parents' wishes to a man named Smithers or Smothers. This man is said to be the ancestor of William Smithers, the famous Texas pioneer.

I would like to hear from all who claim relationship to William Smithers (Smothers). I am interested in establishing the facts concerning this marriage, if it actually took place.

Jacob Chrisman, Sr. had the following children: Jacob II; Abraham; Sarah; Anna Maria; Isaac; Johannes; Rebecca; Henry; George; Mary Joanna and Magdalene, called "Goudy." I can exchange information on all of these, but need accurate information on Sarah, Magdalene (Goudy), Rebecca and especially on Anna Maria. Descendants of these persons have settled in all states of the Union, and I seek information from all of them interested in their genealogy. I am descended from the three sons—George, Johannes and Henry.—Harry E. Chrisman, 10245 W. 14th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215

Hughes-Budd

Richard A. and his wife, Florence H. Damron Hughes, left Virginia for Texas. I have traced them back to an old settlement, Sherwood, Texas, 1899. They obtained five land grants in Sherwood. He died in Dallas in 1938 and she died there in 1952. Does anyone know of this Hughes family and of possible Civil and Revolutionary War veterans in the family? I would like to have birthplaces, parents' names, dates of birth, etc.

Henry Marvin Budd, who died in Dallas, Texas in 1946 came to San Angelo, Texas in 1908 from Mountain Park, Oklahoma. While in Oklahoma he taught school on an Indian reservation. He was born in 1883 in Oklahoma before it was a territory or a state. Does anyone know of an Oklahoma Indian reservation where H. M. Budd tutored and anything about his parents, William Budd from Illinois and his mother, Josephine Murphy Budd, birthplace unknown.—Mrs. W. L. Wagoner, 26649 Indian Peak, Rancho Palos Verdes, California 90274

Gordon-Morse

I have in my possession the Constable Badge and Certificate of Election of one Mr. Eugene Gordon. He was elected in Prosper Township, Davison County, Territory of Dakota on March 6, 1888. This is signed by B. Morse, township clerk. The certificate was printed by "Press & Dakotation Press," Yankton, Dakota. I would like information on any of these parties. —G. R. Pearson, 1704 Tuscany Lane, Holt, Michigan 48842

Kennison-Kinnison

Try as I may, I cannot find anything about the Kennison (Kinnison) family. I have read all the Old West books and magazines for years, and have never found any reference, good or bad. I think some of our forefathers came from Virginia. I would really appreciate hearing from any readers who know anything about my family.—Wendell H. Kennison, Rt. 1, Box 266, Summer Shade, Kentucky 42166

Darden-Fox

Miles Darden, 1798-1857, was one of the largest men in recent times. Reported to weigh over 1,000 pounds, he was seven feet six inches tall and lived near Darden, Henderson County, Tennessee. He was married twice and left children. Some of the Darden and Fox families came to Harrison County, Texas in 1847. He was related to my great-great-grandmother, Jane Darden Fox,

(Continued on page 60)

THE TRUTH WAGON!

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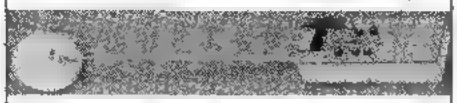

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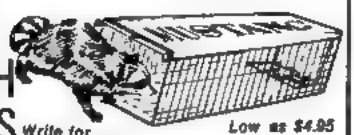

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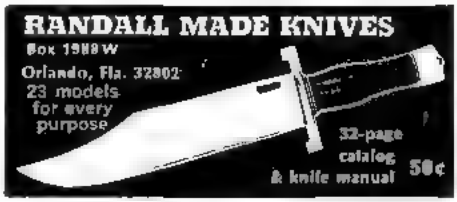

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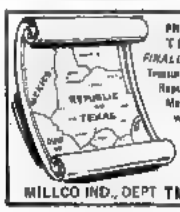

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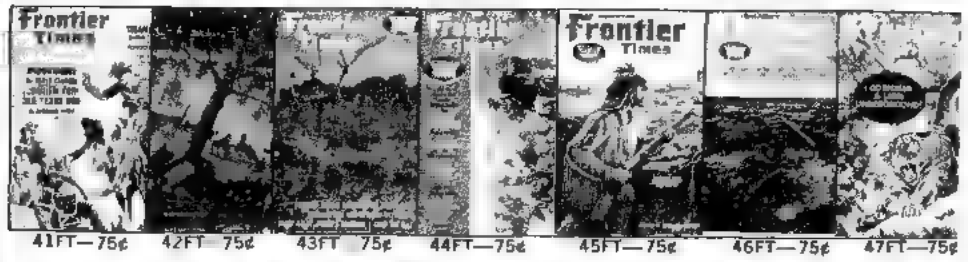

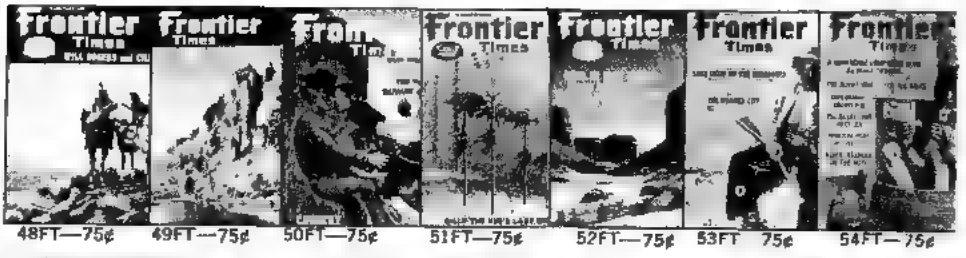

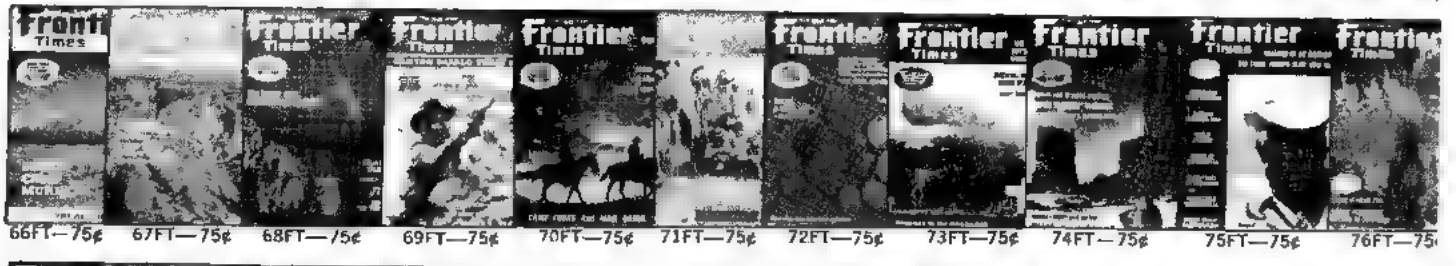

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Wylackie John's Last Caper

(Continued from page 43)

WYLACKIE had to determine the position of the moon on a certain night in September to frame the first bit of business. He had the valley scoured for an almanac.

Frankie was to say that she would never have believed that another of her cousins, John S. Rohrbough (White's nephew), would testify to destroy her character—"But then I guess he was fearful of being left out of White's will." Rohrbough certainly fared better than anyone else from his uncle's possessions.

Wylackie placed a lamp on a bureau in an upstairs bedroom to show how a man was to come down the back stairs and how the witnesses were to follow him with their eyes and how he might enter the lady's bedroom and how the blinds would be turned so they could see his face. This to show that Rohrbough had visited Frankie's ground floor bedroom at night.

Then, each night before a witness was to testify at the trial, the witness would be put through his paces so that there would be no slip. The *Call* said the testimony of Jim Neaphus was of first importance and the testimony of the senior and junior George Morrisons was of next importance. Neaphus would testify he saw Rohrbough creep down the back stairs to Frankie's bedroom and the Morrisons would testify they saw Frankie and Rohrbaugh together on one occasion in the brush beside the trail.

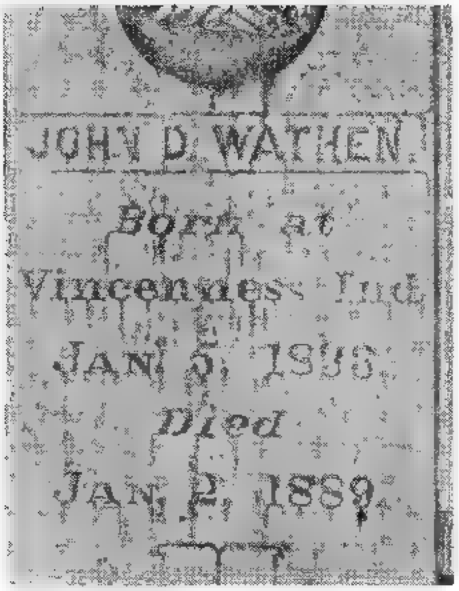
Frankie was granted a divorce and a $103,000 judgment, nevertheless, but she did not get the money. George White spent the next few years hiding out his property to thwart the judgment. Frankie also got possession of White's Travelers Inn near Hurst, but friends said she got little good from it.

The *Call* editorialized that "the world must forever hold Rohrbough as the most despicable of men if he did assent to the Wylackie story, even if the story was true," and no one, apparently, believed a word of it.

The court said in handing down a decision that "the case was without parallel in the history of California for its evident perjury and shocking character of testimony." Every witness for White was thought to have received a reward or expected one for his testimony; yet none of the witnesses was charged with perjury.

The hearing got underway in San Francisco in December 1887, and George White was embroiled in litigation from that time until he died in 1902. He claimed after the trial started that he had a great number of witnesses in Covelo who couldn't come to San Francisco to testify, and his attorneys took a court reporter to Covelo to take depositions over the holidays. Wylackie John was on hand to provide the testimony White was present in the Gibson House, a hotel where the depositions were being taken. He said he was there that morning as an observer.

Clarence White, a former sheriff's deputy, was also there, watching after the interests of his sister. Certainly no one knew George Edward White better than did Clarence and Frankie. They had



Wylackie John's belated tombstone.

lived in his home for several years and Clarence had worked for him. Their father, Uncle Johnnie White, was also in Covelo that morning of January 2, 1888. The day dawned crisp and cold. People poured into the valley which was humming with excitement. True, they couldn't get into the parlor to hear the depositions being taken, but they could gather in the bars and on the street corners, at the livery stables and in the stores and speculate and try to get the very latest information.

George's booted and spurred followers drank and gambled in Alex Perry's saloon across the street from the Gibson House. The anti-George White faction for the most part patronized Frank Youree's saloon back of the Gibson House and facing in the opposite direction.

Actually, most of George's adherents were disgusted with what they knew he and Wylackie John were doing to blacken the name of a woman whom they believed to be above reproach.

Clarence White and his father were watching the front of the Gibson House from Perry's saloon about noon and Clarence's face flushed with anger each time he saw Wylackie hustle a new witness inside to give a deposition. A friend eased up to Clarence and warned him to be careful.

"I'm ready," Clarence gritted. He patted the outline of his revolver under his belt and beneath the coat he wore. Then he jerked to attention when he saw Wylackie take in a woman who probably would testify to anything suggested. He hurried across the street to alert H. C. McPike, one of Frankie's lawyers, about the reputation of that witness, a Mrs. Duncan.

As Clarence came into the front entrance he saw that Wylackie had taken the woman into the parlor where the depositions were taken, and was returning to the central hallway. The two men met in the hall. Words were exchanged and then came the roar of Clarence White's British Bulldog pistol.

McPIKE rushed into the hall when he heard the shot. He later told a San Francisco reporter: "I saw Clarence White standing there—a smoking gun in his hand. His eyes were bent upon a man lying upon the stairs. As I came through the door I heard White exclaim: 'You will try to kill me, will you?' White was calm and held his revolver ready in case of need. 'Who is it?' I asked. White made no answer but kept his eyes warily on the figure lying on the stairs. 'It is John Wathen,' said Edward Robinson (a brother-in-law of George E. White), who at that moment took the gun from Clarence White.

"Then Constable Wilsey took the arm of Clarence White. A doctor was called and it was found that Wathen had been shot through the brain. The bullet went in the left temple. The wounded man breathed for an hour and then died."

Other witnesses said that Wylackie John met Clarence as John came out of the parlor. "What the hell do you want here?" Wylackie asked.

"I want to see Mr. McPike."

"You can't see him!"

"That is what I am here for. He told me to stay here and see him and I want to see him."

"You can't see him!"

"I will see him or know the reason why."

"You s-o-b," yelled Wylackie, grabbing for a pistol in his hip pocket. The gun apparently caught in the pocket and during the struggle and delay White drew his weapon and fired. The men were no more than five feet apart. Wylackie whirled and fell on his right side, on the stairs. There were three steps rising from the front lobby to the hallway.

Pierce Asbill, a long-time friend of George White, was drinking with George at the bar when the shot was heard. He recalled with great amusement afterward that George ran down the hall and jumped through a closed rear window and raced the block through the dirty snow and tarweeds to a hitching rack where his horse was tied. Asbill said the tail of George's coat stood straight out behind him as he ran, and he mounted his horse and raced to his ranch a mile away.

George Anthony, a brother-in-law of Wylackie John, leaned over the body of Wylackie as he lay dying, and with considerable difficulty took something from a hip pocket and put it in his own pocket. Dr. Brown said there was little doubt that the something was a revolver. George White had recently bought a gun in San Francisco and given it to Wylackie John and the belief was that it would have been awkward to explain.

Joel Eveland, justice of the peace, held a coroner's inquest and the jury found that Wylackie John had died at the hands of Clarence White. A formal charge of murder was filed and there was some lynch talk. Clarence, free on bail, went across the street to Henley's store and grabbed a rifle and box of cartridges and declared himself ready for the lynching party. It didn't come. J. K. Chambers, one of George White's lawyers, was credited with this cooling of tempers.

The $5,000 bail money was put up by three prominent valley ranchers: Martin Corbitt, L. D. Montague and F. M. Thompson.

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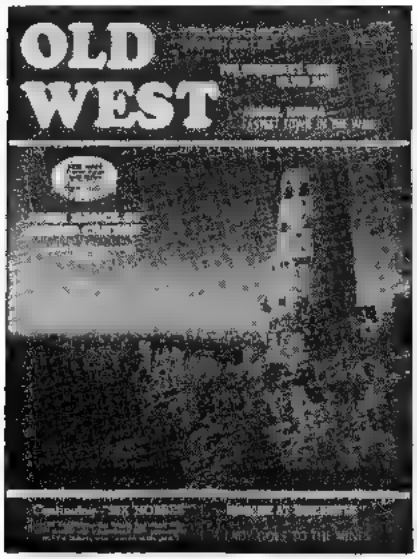

★★★

pickles, a slab of pie, and had filled his quart whiskey bottle with coffee, putting the food in a clean flour sack which the nighthawk carried in his rolled saddle slicker.

For some unknown reason Speck had taken a strong dislike to Charlie. Anyhow when Speck prepared the midnight supper he gave the nighthawk stale biscuits and tough meat, stale coffee and a skimpy piece of pie. As a rule Charlie Leep was a good-natured, fun-loving man, slow to anger, but now his disposition changed. Charlie Stuart recalled the rainy day that Speck had chawed him out for tracking mud into his mess tent, calling him a one-eyed halfbreed. Letch Lemmon, the Circle Diamond rep, threatened to drag Speck through the cactus if everybody else was willing.

The cowhands were joshing for the most part but underneath the rough talk there was a feeling of deep dislike for the roundup cook who bragged about the six-shooter he kept by day in a drawer of the mess box.

FOR two weeks they gave Speck the silent treatment, and he reacted to it by growing even more sullen and withdrawn. He took his grudge out in his own way, in a coldly calculated manner. The grub was apt to be too raw or burnt, too much salt or none at all, too much sugar in the pies, doughnuts half raw and soggy, pie crusts tough and salty, coffee too weak and tasting strongly of alkali. Speck now had another name—The Grub Spoiler.

Each day there was some item of food not fit to eat as Speck waged his one-man battle against the silent treatment. And he now packed his six-shooter in the waistband of his pants near his flank pocket.

They were camped on Sun Prairie near Gus Tank's nester homestead, the dayherd grazing on good feed and water while the outfit worked the Larb Hills. Horace Brewster was on the verge of firing the cook but he kept putting it off from day to day. If Brewster fired Speck he was duty bound to furnish him some sort of transportation to Malta. The cook had made it a point to inform Brewster that he had never ridden a horse in his life. That put the wagon boss in a bind; with the roundup camped thirty miles from town, it was no place to set any man afoot.

For several days the cowhands had been building a campfire and roasting meat on branding irons for their evening meal, and making their own pot of coffee. They were all ringy and short-tempered. No man was more keenly aware of the black mood his men were in than Horace Brewster, who himself was getting edgy.

By then Speck had taken out his sullen temper on the horse wrangler, Roy Long Knife, until the easy going Assiniboine was in the mood to scalp him. Roy claimed he'd had a bellyful of Speck calling him a gut-eating, lousy Injun.

For the last time Brewster led his cowhands on early morning circle to get in the final licks working the rough breaks of the Larb Hills badlands that were spotted with stunted scrub pines and buck brush in the deep box canyons. Wa-

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ter trickled into these canyons from the high sandstone cliffs to form sizable creeks where the meadows of tall grass touched a rider's stirrups. Tall willows grew thick along the creek banks and there were thickets of wild berries in abundance. Silvertip Bear, black and cinnamon bear prowled the Larb Hills, their fat cubs stuffing themselves with the wild berries.

Time had been when the Larb Hills and the vast Sun Prairie had been buffalo country before the white hunters slaughtered the bison by the thousands. This was the disputed hunting ground of the Sioux and Blackfoot, where countless battles were fought between the warring tribes long before the coming of the white man.

AS Brewster led circle that morning he divided his men. Bill Lorne, rep for the Long X, and Jim Watson, rep for the Mill Iron, each had half a dozen or more cowhands to drop off in strategic places. The wagon boss had it made to get a clean work on that final day's gatherment. The sun was noon high by the time the last drive of cattle was herded to the holdup grounds on Sun Prairie.

When Jim Thornhill, the Sundance Kid and Bill Carver fetched in their drive, they had picked up another cowpuncher who wore about a ten days' growth of black, dust-powdered whiskers that covered his face up to his high cheekbones. A shapeless hat was pulled down across his shock of straight black hair. His lightweight flannel shirt was sweat-marked and soiled, as were his Levi's, and the shabby vest which he wore unbuttoned had seen better days. He was forking a black gelding, what the cow country called a ridge runner, that wore Jim Thornhill's 7UP (connected) brand on the left thigh. Thornhill introduced the black-whiskered man to the outfit as Doolie.

There was nothing in the new man's appearance to set him apart from the other cowhands, except for one thing. Doolie carried a Winchester .30-30 carbine in a saddle scabbard on the right side of his saddle, besides a Colt .45 shoved into his waistband.

When Doolie got off his horse to adjust a slipped saddle blanket he stood about five feet seven inches in his boots and he had a quick way of moving.

Brewster left four men to hold the morning gatherment and led the rest of the cowhands to camp to eat noon dinner and get a change of horses before they rode back to cut the beef steers and brand the calves missed on the calf round-up. They had scarcely finished unsaddling and hadn't had time to rope out fresh horses from the remuda in the corral when Speck hollered, "Grub Pile!"

Some cowhand responded, in a tone of voice that was bound to carry into the mess tent, with some very uncomplimentary remarks about an s-o-b that "don't give a man a chance to wash his hands."

The cowpunchers lined up outside to enter the mess tent, then when their plates were loaded and coffee cups filled, they filed back out to sit straddle of their bedrolls. "Damn!" complained one of the cowhands. "That grub spoiler give us another bait of raw grub and salted coffee!"

Speck was standing a step or two back from the grub table and a little behind the cook stove. His white cap was slanted on his bald head as he stood spread-legged, thumbs hooked in the draw string of his apron, so that his right hand was just inches from the butt of his six-shooter. His lips were peeled back in a mirthless grin that revealed his gold teeth, a grin that left his eyes cold and wary.

Big Jim Thornhill was standing a little behind Doolie as they came up at the end of the lineup. Doolie stood there for a long moment with a filled plate in one hand, a filled cup of hot coffee in his right hand. Then he spoke in a toneless voice, "From what I heard outside, this grub ain't fit to eat. It's time somebody called your hand."

As Speck reached for his gun, Doolie threw the hot steaming coffee in Speck's face, followed by the grub on his plate, all in a split second's time.

Speck let out a loud scream and clawed at his face, dropping his gun. The jolt of the gun hitting the side of the stove was sufficient to trip the hair trigger. The loud explosion of the .45 cartridge sounded like a cannon shot.

Doolie put one hand on the table and vaulted it swiftly, to stand close to the howling roundup cook. Without a hint of warning Doolie swung a vicious right that sank his clenched fist deep into Speck's paunch, knocking his wind out. As Speck fell forward, Doolie kicked him so hard the set of gold teeth popped from his mouth.

Doolie stared down at Speck with merciless black eyes before turning his back to pick up the cook's gun, which he handed butt foremost to Jim Thornhill. "A souvenir for you, Jimmer," Doolie said.

The Sundance Kid and Bill Carver were standing behind Jim Thornhill, and most of the outfit had now crowded in from both sides. Horace Brewster told Frank Howe to lope over to Gus Tank's place and fetch a wagon to haul Speck into Malta for Doc Clay to patch up, and to make sure he had his gold teeth so he couldn't claim he was robbed. Brewster delegated Wash Lampkin to take over as roundup cook, then led his men back to finish the day's work.

When the cowhands roped out their fresh horses the Sundance Kid and Bill Carver roped their private horses, packed their beds on their pack horses, and together with Doolie headed for the Thornhill ranch and were seen no more, leaving Thornhill at the roundup camp.

There was something in the eyes of Jim Thornhill that forbade any questions concerning the identity of the black-whiskered man he called Doolie, but there were a number of Circle C cowhands, including the wagon boss and most of the reps, who had recognized Doolie to be none other than Kid Curry himself. But they kept their mouths shut about it.

A few days later when the Circle C outfit loaded their cattle into the cattle cars bound for the Union Stockyards at Chicago and the cowpunchers rode into Malta to squander their wages across the bars there was no sign of the roundup cook. Speck had taken the stage to the Circle C home ranch, collected his strongbox and taken the stage back where he boarded the Oriental Limited with a one way ticket to Seattle. He never returned to Montana as far as anyone knew.

(There was one significant item that should be recorded here for what it is worth: There was a rumor told by the rustling of the leaves along the Outlaw Trail that the Wild Bunch, composed of Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry, The Sundance Kid, Bill Carver, and the tall Texan Ben Kilpatrick, had held a secret meeting that fall of 1900 at the Kid Curry hideaway near Thornhill Butte to lay plans for the hold-up of the Great Northern train at Wagner, Montana, the following year on July 3, 1901.)

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 58)

1805-1879, wife of William Fox, 1800-1889. They were all from Tennessee and are buried in the Vinson Cemetery near Thornton, Texas. Any information about Miles Darden would be appreciated. Are you listening, Darden, Tennessee?—Roy F. Carpenter, 1817 Pulliam, San Angelo, Texas 76901

Pfeiffer-Maxwell

Frank Maxwell Pfeiffer was born in St. Louis, Missouri about April 20, 1867. He left home at perhaps 12 or 14 years of age, was a baker by trade but followed farming and mining most of his life.

About the turn of the century he was in San Jose, Santa Cruz and San Francisco, California. He left San Francisco with Ed Fine and went to Nevada. Ed opened up a picture show in Carson City, Nevada, and he was also a photographer. Frank worked in a couple of mines then moved to Colorado where he also worked in mines, then bought a farm and did farming. Some years later he moved to California where he remained the rest of his life working in some of the famous mines. He died in Quincy, Plumas County, California on April 12, 1933 and was buried there. His home was in Seneca, Plumas County, California.

He was married to Mary Theodoshie (Doshie) Benson at Columbus, Cherokee County, Kansas, June 19, 1905. She had a daughter by a former marriage, Ora Malinda Eulalia Johnson, born November 16, 1893 in Columbus, Kansas. Three children were born of the Pfeiffer union: Julia Treene, April 8, 1906, Dunton, Dolores County, Colorado; Prudence Marie, April 21, 1908, Hesperus, La Platte County, Colorado; and Maxwell Samuel William Benson, May 6, 1911, Shawnee, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma. (Yes, he had four given names!)

Frank Maxwell received a picture of his mother from Bern, Switzerland taken in 1906 and she was with her daughter, name unknown, and her two small children. Several years later my father gave me a picture he said was from his sister, Hope, taken in New York in 1898.

I was told by an elderly lady that she knew my father, and part of the family stayed in Wisconsin and the rest went to Missouri. Perhaps there is someone who can give me some information. I will appreciate it, will answer all mail and reimburse the stamps.—Mrs. Julia Pfeiffer Nisson, 3863 E. Century Blvd., Lynwood, California 90262

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 21)

maybe fifteen or twenty-five feet above the old. This was solid rock and was blasted with black powder—tons and tons poured deep in the earth and shot with a battery. The rumble deep down and movement of the land would do credit to a large earthquake.

The construction company had a dinky steam engine on narrow gauge track on top of the fill to haul rock. Some of the wood went for this engine.

About the time school was out for the summer, Dad sent for me. The best and safest, not to mention the fastest, way was by train. So I traveled in care of the conductor among total strangers. I was well taken care of and well fed and enjoyed every minute of it. Never having stayed in one place very long, I didn't know anything about homesickness.

I went by way of Lewiston, Idaho, then up the Clearwater to Kooskia where I was supposed to meet a man and family going by team to White Bird. But on arriving there I found them gone so I was stranded far from my destination. I was sent back over the same road I'd come on to go up another branch line that led to Grangeville, the end of the line. Here was a small steam engine and cars following the canyon wall over long skeleton-like trestles—high and scary. This was high adventure for anyone—doubly so for a small boy. Finally we reached Grangeville, the largest town on the Camas Prairie, just a few short years vacated by the Nez Perce Indians and homesteaded by whites.

There was no one there to meet me so I stayed overnight at the hotel. I don't know who paid my expenses; I never had any money on me and no one asked. I hadn't a care in the world.

Early next morning after a good breakfast and farewell to all my new friends, the stage driver came with a team and two-seated heavy buggy and we were off for White Bird to the southwest. A few miles out we came to the tip of White Bird Canyon, pretty much the same place that the switchback starts now.

Here is a grand sight, looking into the Salmon River canyon. The road from Camas Prairie followed the line of least resistance from the rim which was a dry wash straight down. It picked up a trickle of water from springs down-a-ways, and brush and trees followed this watercourse. The road went down this draw. The only work done on the road had been to roll the rocks aside so a wagon could pass.

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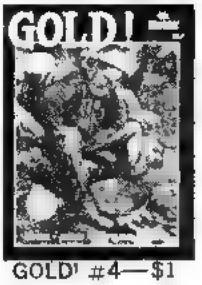

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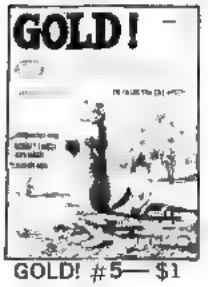

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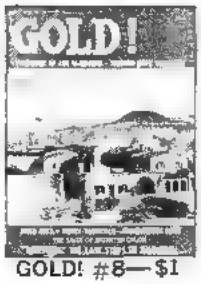

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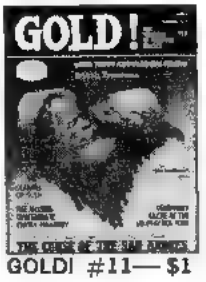

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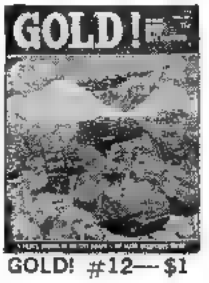

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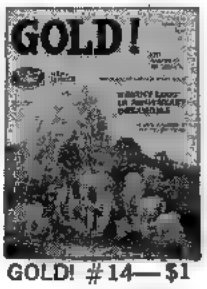

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Birds-eye view of White Bird Road courtesy Mr. Lowman.

We nooned by some fresh water, and ung nose bags on the team and had unch. Here I ate my first banana. I'd ever seen one before.

We made White Bird toward evening. This was the end of the mail route. Here he mail to Riggins came in from New Meadows, the end of a branch line from Weiser. How any mail got between White Bird and Riggins I never knew.

That evening I made friends with a oy about my age whose dad ran the ank. His name was Andy something. I tayed overnight with him.

Dad and Stone had finished their wood ontract by spring, and Dad was working ow for the Tyler sheep outfit. He rode saddle horse to White Bird for me the ext day. We were to camp at the very lace where they had cut wood all winter. This is where a bear took a piece of meat rom a tree alongside my bed when I was sleep.

It was about this time that Dad's rother Harry and Granddad Lowman howed up at Riggins on a trip in a 1918 Model T Ford. Well, Harry ended up orking on the road. Grandpa shacked p at Riggins for the summer.

Dad later took charge of a band of heep. He and I spent the summer going p Rapid River to the Seven Devils fountains, then trailing to McCall on 'ayette Lake to ship lambs that fall. had my own saddle horse all the way. Here was a fine trip across land that ad hardly been trod by white men. Dad as working for John Clay whose headuarters ranch was just above Riggins at he mouth of Rapid River (where a state ish hatchery is now).

The lambs were shipped and the ewes ere brought back to near Riggins for the inter. Dad, Harry, Grandpa and I then tarted on a trip which covered North daho, parts of Washington, and Oregon efore we split up after crossing the nake at Ontario on a ferry. We started om Riggins. Of course it was a must carry everything one might need in ie way of clothing, food, and bedding. First we had to get on the new grade omewhere north of Riggins so we folowed the old track north until we came to the new grade. Harry's summer of working here paid off. The boys working there drove the dinky steam engine forward to the fill running over the old road, throwing a cable over the fill of about twenty-five feet of loose rock, and drove our Ford up on the new grade. So perhaps we were the first motor tourists to pass over some of this new road.

To go up White Bird Hill before the switch was built with a 1918 Model T Ford took some doing. As I was the lightest it would have been more logical for me to drive, but Uncle Harry got that job as he was the only one who could drive (or so he thought) and besides he owned the car. That old Ford needed lots of water to climb.

I passed through there again in 1929. The switchbacks were all done then. A steam dragline, or shovel, that had been worn out making them still sat high on a ridge as a landmark. I heard it was cut up for scrap in the next war.

I stayed the winter of 1920 and '21 with Fred Biggerstaff at New Meadow and attended school, later going to Riggins in the spring. Fred drove the last stage from the Meadows to Riggins round trip. C. C. Boswell put on a motorcar in the spring of '21. I think the same happened from Grangeville too. The end of an era.

I saw Fred in 1968, then seventy-seven years old. He said his daughter was living in Spokane. She was a babe in arms the winter I stayed there.

Dad trailed sheep out to Grangeville the next fall to ship lambs. He rode my beautiful Morgan mare to the railhead. Said he turned her loose to graze on the Camas Prairie. I never saw or heard of her again, having left for Nebraska that fall.—H. J. Lowman, Sentinel Butte, North Dakota 58654

Bill Hickok

Bill Hickok was killed in Deadwood on August 2, 1876, during the American Centennial. I am wondering if there is any man alive who, as a child, ever met Wild Bill. I sure would like to meet that old-timer.—B. R. Mullin, M. D., 10400 Rockville Pike, Rockville, Maryand 20852

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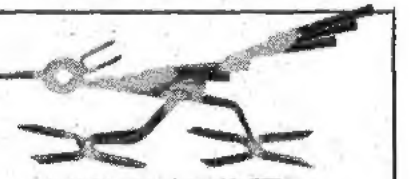

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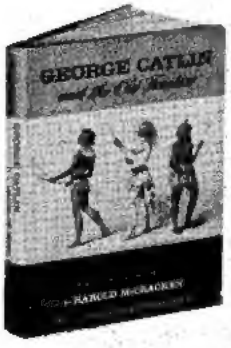

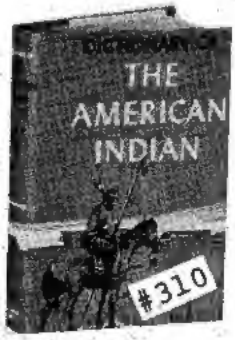

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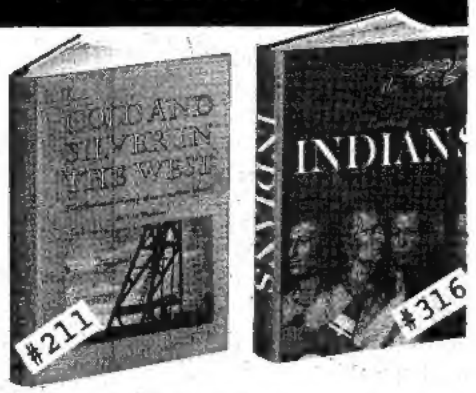

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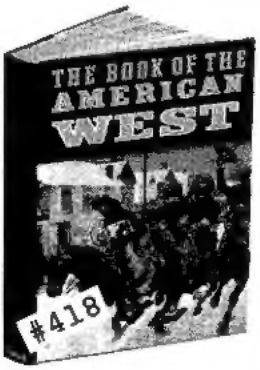

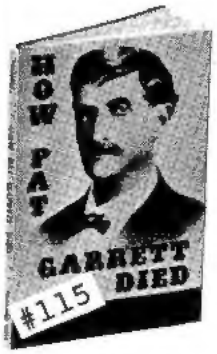

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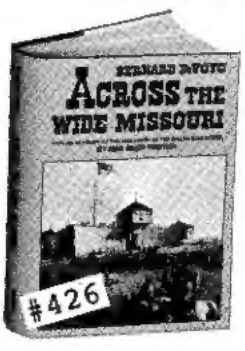

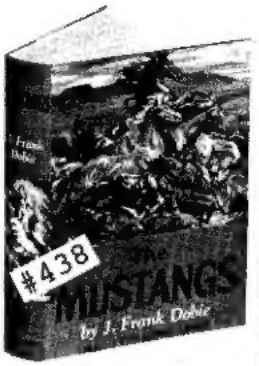

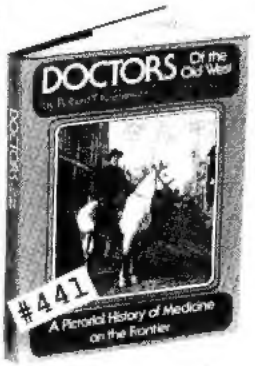

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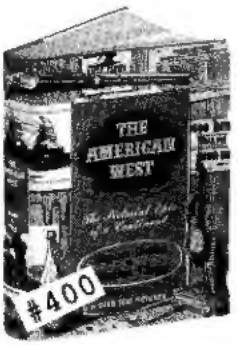

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